

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 182 (2342).—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

PRICE 3d., Stamped 4d.

The Proprietors of the LITERARY GAZETTE have to announce that the price of their Journal is now reduced to Threepence unstamped and Fourpence stamped. A desire to give the public the full benefit of the Abolition of the Paper Duty has actuated them in this step; and they may further say that the reduction is genuine, and not, as in so many other cases, a mere sham, where the lowering of price has been followed by a corresponding deterioration of quality both in paper and in matter. There will be no change in the LITERARY GAZETTE in either of these points, so that the public will derive a bonâ-fide advantage.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Albemarle Street, London.

JOHN TYNDALL, Esq., F.R.S., will deliver, during the Christmas Vacation, a Course of Six Lectures, "On Light," intended for a Juvenile Auditory, on the following days, at Three o'clock—Thursday, 26th; Saturday, 28th; Tuesday, 31st of December; Thursday, 2nd; Saturday, 4th; Tuesday, 7th of January, 1862.

Subscribers to the Royal Institution are admitted to this Course on the payment of One Guinea, each, and Children under 16 years of age, Half-a-Guinea.

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Dec. 21, 1861. H. BENCE JONES, Hon. Sec.

**THE BRITISH MUSEUM** will be **CLOSED** on MONDAY NEXT, the 22nd Inst., being the Day appointed for the FUNERAL of HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT.

A. PANIZZI, Principal Librarian.

British Museum, 17th December, 1861.

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Mr. Joseph Green, of 14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, will take charge of any works sent to him to forward. Parties willing to contribute, are requested to communicate particulars to the Honorary Secretary as early as possible, as it is desirable to ascertain the extent of the proposed Exhibition, and what space will be required.

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## REVIEWS.

## LIFE OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.\*

## SECOND NOTICE.

HAVING in our previous number glanced briefly at Lord Castlereagh's merits in the position of Minister for Ireland, and of Minister for War at home, it now devolves upon us to consider his administration of the Foreign Office, and to measure, as carefully as we can, both the praise and blame to which his foreign policy is entitled. The time has surely arrived when we may examine this question at least as dispassionately as we can ever hope to do while the present European system continues in existence. The principles which guided his policy are indeed *sub judice*, and likely to continue so for ever. But the personal animosities which once raged against him have had time to subside; while the future which lay before him has been far enough unfolded to ourselves to enable us to estimate, with some approach to accuracy, the wisdom of the schemes which he supported for the pacification and settlement of Europe. Human affairs, however, are woven together in so continuous a thread, that in order to do justice to those persons who have been intimately concerned with them, we have invariably to consider not only the plans which they adopted with regard to the future, but the previous events also which suggested those plans. It would be as unfair to pronounce on the conduct of an individual in mature life, without making due allowances for the impressions which he had received in his childhood, as to decide on the policy of a statesman without giving their just weight to the circumstances under which he entered public life. It would be wholly unfair, therefore, to form any final estimate of Lord Castlereagh's services, from 1814 to his death in 1822, without constant reference to the events of the previous twenty years. Men who fix their eyes exclusively upon the twenty years which followed, and note only the points in which that policy has failed, may possibly do justice to the policy, but they do no justice to the man. In order to do this, not more to Lord Castlereagh than to many other statesmen of the period, it is necessary to regard the seventy years which have elapsed since the beginning of the French Revolution as one epoch, of which the issue is as yet but dimly seen, and during which two great principles have been contending for the mastery with almost equal success.

It must be remembered, then, that Lord Castlereagh's first public employment, at the age of twenty-eight, was superintending the suppression of the Irish Rebellion, which had been kindled and then actively supported by the French Republic. The French Revolution stimulating revolution and rebellion among the subjects of our own sovereign was the first great phenomenon of his active life. From this moment for nearly twenty years Europe presented no other spectacle than the perpetual re-enactment of this attempt upon a larger scale. We know how by degrees the whole body of the more sober-minded and in-

telligent classes of this country, who had at first betrayed no special hostility towards the new form of government in France, became ranged on one side against the revolutionary and aggressive spirit of her external policy. Some few men there were in public life whom the exigencies of party rather than their own private convictions led to deprecate hostilities, and a small body of private individuals who openly sympathized with the effort to subvert the social system of Europe. But England, on the whole, was thoroughly at one with the sovereigns of Germany, Spain, and Russia; and on their visit to this country in 1814 they were hailed with a transport of enthusiasm as the saviours of liberty.

The ancient system, however, had been so completely overthrown in France; the ancient elements of order had been so effectually pulverized; that the whole body of the allies, when it became necessary to arrange terms of peace, evidently thought less of what might be effected in that country than of what might be effected outside of it. If the revolutionary and aggressive spirit could be laid to rest in France, either by the restoration of the Bourbons or any other means, so much the better; but in default of this result, it was necessary to aim at such a readjustment of European territory as should present the fewest salient points to French intrigue, and the fewest weak points to French aggression. To this end it was thought proper to strengthen the great Powers, and diminish as much as possible the number of the smaller ones. Hence the annexation of Venice to Austria, of Genoa to Sardinia, of Saxony to Prussia, and the abandonment of the original design of reconstituting the kingdom of Poland. We do not mean to say that these were the only motives to which the Viennese map of Europe is attributable. But they were the only motives by which England was actuated; and they were generally acknowledged by all the Continental Powers. To this extent, and this extent alone, was the fiat of Vienna morally justifiable. As far as it was self-defensive against a spirit of revolution and aggression—as far as it was intended to protect the independence of the various members of the European commonwealth from a Power which aimed at universal dominion—it is perfectly impossible to blame it. That other and meaner objects entered into the policy of Austria and Prussia is true, but all that was required of an English Minister was not to resist these, for that was impossible, but to use them for his own purposes. And this he did. For an English Minister to have joined in the deliberations of the Continental Powers in 1813, '14, and '15, on any other basis than that of the relegation of France within comparatively narrow boundaries—the restoration of the deposed sovereigns of other countries, and of a general resistance to any further destruction of the old order of things—would have been a mere mockery. It never entered into any man's head that we had been fighting for any other object. If the war was justifiable, then it must certainly be admitted that, as far as England was concerned, the Peace was justifiable too.

That the general principle of Lord Castlereagh's policy, therefore, if not abstractedly right, was the only practical one at that time, we scarcely see how any sensible man can doubt. But with regard to the several details of the final arrangement we are in some difficulty, as it is not easy to distinguish what was Lord Castlereagh's work from what belongs to the allies. We know however that the cardinal idea on which his whole policy turned was "national independence." On this ground he

fought to the last moment for the restoration of Poland: and there is reason to believe that, in the annexation of Venice to Austria and Genoa to Sardinia, he was only a consenting party, after other propositions had failed. It is said that Austria herself was disinclined to accept the Italian provinces, and that Lord Castlereagh approved of her reluctance; both parties being anxious to adopt the suggestion of Napoleon in 1809, and to unite the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia to the Austrian Empire. This would have contented Austria, without irritating Italy, and would have formed an impassable barrier against Russia's designs on Constantinople. Such a plan however would have left Venice in the position of a weak state, which it was the object of the Congress to avoid doing: and this objection, coupled probably with the dislike of Russia to the Wallachian project, was enough to ensure its rejection, even if it were ever seriously discussed, which there is no evidence that it was.

However, as the arrangements of the Congress were probably the result of a compromise between the interests of the conflicting parties, they were not more satisfactory than such compromises mostly are. Venice, when united to Austria, became as dangerous to Europe from one cause as she might otherwise have been from another. The unpopularity of a foreign government did all the mischief which had been apprehended from the weakness of a native one. Belgium and Holland proved unable to amalgamate with each other; and their temporary union has but resulted in creating one more of those minor powers which it was the special aim of the Congress to avoid. Poland still continues a source of weakness to conservative Russia, and of strength to revolutionary France; and Turkey still clings feebly to the eastern outskirts of Europe, with no protection against the ambition of St. Petersburg but in the arms of the Western Powers. The Congress of Vienna cannot therefore be called a great diplomatic success, like the Treaty of Utrecht. This really did settle Europe for the space of eighty years—none of the wars which subsequently arose being aimed at the subversion of its principles; but the former, both in 1820, in 1830, in 1848, and in 1859, has been professedly and successfully attacked.

Coming down, however, to the date of the Holy Alliance, we shall find that Lord Castlereagh's policy begins to show itself in a clearer light, as it is gradually disentangled from its connection with the Continental Powers. Lord Castlereagh would be no party to any intervention between subjects and their own sovereign: this he emphatically declared more than once; and as this is one of the great principles for which Canning has usually obtained credit, it is only right to make it known as widely as possible, that his predecessor had adopted it before him. In fact, a summary of Lord Castlereagh's opinions on the general state of the Continent will be found in the memorandum drawn up for the instruction of the Duke of Wellington, when he was about to set out for the Congress of Verona, in 1822. It relates to the affairs of Italy, of Spain, of Turkey, and of the Spanish South American Colonies, the recognition of which, said Lord Castlereagh, was only "a question of time." This paper was handed to Canning to the Duke of Wellington, after Lord Castlereagh's death, without a single alteration.

The chief difference, after all, between Canning and Castlereagh on foreign politics appears to have lain in this: that the latter statesman had many personal friends among the Kings and Ministers of Europe; that he was united to them by reminiscences of labours and

\* *Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, the second and third Marquises of Londonderry; with analysis of Contemporary Events in which they bore a part, from the original papers of the family.* By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L., LL.D., &c., author of *The History of Europe*. Three Vols. (Blackwood.)

successes shared together; and that he naturally felt reluctant to take any step which might seem to imply that he had deserted the common cause. Canning was unfettered by any of these considerations, and was able to speak out his mind much more boldly than Lord Castlereagh. But it is difficult to perceive by what fundamental difference the two statesmen were divided, such as to justify the contrast which has usually been drawn between them by Whig or Whig-Radical pamphleteers.

No doubt, however, the distinguishing characteristics of Lord Castlereagh's mind were fortitude and firmness, rather than prescient sagacity. In the House of Commons he and Mr. Canning bore the whole brunt of the Peninsular war upon their shoulders, and had to keep up the public confidence during the retreat on Torres Vedras, the retreat from Burgos, and the constant ill-behaviour of the Spaniards. At a later period he alone prevented Buonaparte from obtaining the Rhine frontier, and with it Antwerp, Flushing, and the Scheldt, which would at once have given him a seaboard most threatening to the interests of Great Britain. Again, during the temporary though brilliant successes which Napoleon obtained over the Austrian and Prussian armies after their entrance into France, the invincible courage of Lord Castlereagh alone prevented a retreat, and with it the realization of Napoleon's boast, that even then he was nearer to Munich than the allies were to Paris. We have seen him display the same lofty qualities in the Irish House of Commons. And there is no doubt that to this eminently English virtue (Castlereagh was of course Anglo-Irish) both England and Europe do in reality owe a great deal, if not quite all that Sir Archibald Alison represents.

Of Lord Castlereagh's private life very few circumstances are given in these volumes. The story of his melancholy death is too well known to be repeated here; and we shall pass on therefore to his brother, Sir Charles Stewart, whose life has, with questionable judgment, been incorporated by the author in that of Lord Castlereagh.

Sir Charles was half-brother of the statesman, and was born in 1778. He chose the profession of arms, and served in Holland, under the Duke of York. But his chief military services were performed as Adjutant-General to the British army under Wellington; and his life, during this period, is simply a history of the Peninsular war. In 1813, he was sent as diplomatic envoy to Prussia, and more than once performed important services to the allies, by the exercise of the same qualities of courage and firmness which we have described in our notice of his brother. More particularly his management of Bernadotte, who had an idea that he was going to be made King of France, and therefore shrank from joining in the invasion of his future subjects, seems to have been eminently skilful. After the conclusion of the war, he still continued in the diplomatic service; was raised to the Peerage as Lord Stewart in 1814; and represented England at the Congresses of Troppau and Laybach. After the death of his brother he became Marquis of Londonderry, and from that time to his death, more than thirty years afterwards, he took little or no part in public or official life—beyond what his position as a member of the House of Lords allowed him to discharge. In his place in that Assembly he voted steadily with the Ultra-Tory party, except on the one question of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and lent the whole weight of his influence to that section of the Tories who were bent upon thwarting Mr. Canning. Turno-

*tempus erit.* Sir Robert Peel, who was one of this party, lived to deplore the absence of Mr. Canning in the great debates on the Reform Bill, and to acknowledge that he had been to the Tories what Achilles was to the Greeks.

During the heat of the reform agitation, the Marquis of Londonderry was a more unpopular man even than the Duke of Wellington; and he was once pulled off his horse, and severely injured by the mob. The odium he then incurred long lingered round his name; and in 1815, when Sir Robert Peel had named him Ambassador to St. Petersburg, he was obliged to cancel the appointment by the clamour of the Radical party.

But if Lord Londonderry failed in leaving any memorial of himself on the politics of his own age, he was more successful in his own country, where the great works of Seaham Harbour attest his munificence, his foresight, and his perseverance. The property round Seaham belonged to Lady Londonderry, and was known to be rich in coal-mines; but for want of a convenient seaport they would not repay the working. With his customary energy, Lord Londonderry applied himself to the task. At an outlay of £250,000, he constructed the port of Seaham in the face of great natural obstacles; and now its harbour-dues amount to no less than £18,000 a year, while 700,000 tons of coal are annually exported from its quays. Lord Londonderry survived his old companion-in-arms, the Duke of Wellington, two years, and was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. In 1854, in the month of March, just as the Foot-Guards were marching out of London to take part in that brief but costly struggle which terminated the Forty Years' Peace, almost the sole surviving author of that Peace breathed his last; bequeathing, as it would seem, his own indomitable spirit to a new generation of soldiers.

The reader will have observed perhaps with some surprise that throughout this review we have said very little of Sir Archibald Alison. And, in truth, the less that is said the better. Lord Castlereagh himself is so important and interesting a personage that we have taken the trouble to extract the essence of his life from the biographer's pages, modified by such comments of our own as we thought necessary, in order to present our readers with a clear general idea of his character and policy. But Sir Archibald's three volumes are in no sense of the word a biography. They are but a portion of his history of Europe cut out, flavoured with a few biographical mushrooms, and served up like hashed mutton. And very bad hash it is. The grammar is bad enough to please Mr. Bright; and the tautology must have been copied direct from Sir Archibald's hero. Seriously, from so eminent a man as the author, we never read either such bad English or such queer composition. He talks of one event "foreboding" another which happened twelve years before it. He describes a treaty as "rising into activity," and scores of sentences are as awkwardly constructed as the following: "the last, because it is subjecting that person to the responsibility of measures which it is not intended he shall either bring to maturity or reap the credit of their success." But Sir Archibald's style has been so frequently and severely criticized ere now by the ablest organs of the London press, that it would be quite a superfluous labour to reproduce in these columns his numerous violations of Lindley Murray. He has already written too much for his fame; and we trust he will now have the good sense to retire from the field.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN.\*

SINCE the days of pious Æneas, warriors have ever shown themselves ready to recount their adventures at considerable length under very gentle pressure. Some, like the Trojan hero, are blessed with bards capable of converting their rambling stories into noble Epics; some, content with present glory, confide their experiences to the fleeting memories of their after-dinner guests, and are remembered no more; while others, more ambitious of future fame, and yet despairing of a private poet, are fain to send forth the tales of their lives from the shelves of a publisher, robed in their own bald prose. A soldier's mode of life does not usually tend to the cultivation of a perfect style of composition, or a habit of pointed, well-connected narration. The Cæsars and Napiers of literature are few, and Colonel Bunbury is not one of them. Possessing, according to his own account, a high talent for command both in camp and field, he evidences no particular genius for directing the movements of the pen, and but little command of his Sovereign's English. And yet, notwithstanding the lame and wandering style of writing, the wild system of punctuation adopted, and the frequent occurrence of such sentences as these—"A broken canoe was laying near her," "We were occasionally visited by the natives in their canoes, who we could see gathering shell-fish," "I knew it was not him, &c.," which rather shock the feelings for a moment—there is so much that is of national interest in many of the incidents of his life, that we overlook these faults, and find that after all we have got a very readable book.

Born at Gibraltar in the year 1791, Thomas Bunbury was educated after a fashion in England, and at the age of sixteen received a commission in H.M. 3rd Buffs. Soon after joining he was sent out to Portugal, and thus was early plunged into the rough duties and dangers of his profession. There is not much that calls for comment in this portion of the narrative which is comprised in the first volume. The author's account of the battles in which he was engaged are all wrapped in smoke; and even were he a more clear and graphic writer than he is, the detail of the action of any one individual in a battle is comparatively tame and uninteresting. Reading such accounts is like devoting one's exclusive attention to the efforts and attitudes of Cover Point during a cricket-match. We have no idea which side has won, unless we happen to see Cover Point throw up the ball in an exulting manner when all is over. Of course, in a battle there is this difference, that we have a settled conviction in our own mind that Englishmen always win, which relieves all anxiety as to the issue. Still, at Talavera and Toulouse it is irritating to be for ever enveloped in the smoke of the rifles of the regiment of Caçadores, to which Lieutenant Bunbury was attached. This regiment appears to have gone through an immense amount of rough work and hard fighting, and at the close of the war Bunbury emerged a Major in the Portuguese service, with a severe wound which afflicted him through life.

Interspersed throughout this volume there are many interesting details concerning the Portuguese manners, customs, and superstitions. Regarding the last, we meet with a passage which reminds us of our own Arthur and the island of Avilion, and, indeed, shows a marvellous coincidence between the popular

\* *Reminiscences of a Veteran; being Personal and Military Adventures in Portugal, Spain, France, Malta, New South Wales, Norfolk Island, New Zealand, Andaman Islands, and India.* Three vols. (Skeet.)

beliefs of two nations in no wise historically connected :—

"In Portugal there was then, and I believe there is still, a sect they term Sebastianistas. They believe that King Sebastian, who was slain in Africa, fighting against the Moors, and who is the hero of an old English play, is not dead, but hidden on some island they call the 'Ilha incognita,' and that he will yet return mounted on a white charger to restore the Portuguese nation to its former glory and prosperity."

Further on he says, "I hear that half the Portuguese nation have the same belief;" that is, half the Portuguese nation form a "sect," and are called Sebastianistas. There seems some confusion of idea on this point in the author's mind; but the fact of the prevalence of such a faith is remarkable, the similarity to our own hero being maintained even to the point of the King falling in battle against an infidel race. We suspect some English knight-crusader must have dropped the idea in the Lusitanian camp; unless the coming conqueror be that Sebastian who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, opposed the power of Suleiman; in which case we should be inclined to set down the idea as decidedly stolen property.

At the conclusion of the war our soldier returned to England on leave, visited his relatives, made life pleasant by landscape-painting, and in a few months rejoined the Portuguese army. In this portion of his career we must decline to follow him. Mild sport with the gun and diplomatic intrigue are the chief incidents of the period. The former our readers can imagine for themselves, and the author's account of the latter will be utterly incomprehensible to those who are not intimately acquainted with the political history of Spain, and the relations in which Marshal Beresford stood to the Portuguese Government at the commencement of the first revolutionary struggle. Suffice it to say, that when the British officers were forced, through their inability as foreigners to take either side in a purely patriotic movement, to retire from the service, we find Major Bunbury wending his way back to England in some doubt as to whether after all he had made a good investment of himself, and had not rather thrown away very excellent abilities in a very profitless concern. Arrived at his father's house, he sought to ventilate his capacities by mixing with the society of the neighbourhood, but found himself, in his position of half-pay officer, regarded with great suspicion by county squires with marriageable daughters. His Portuguese uniform and comparative indigence were not in favour. He therefore fled to Paris, abandoning arms, and again reverting to art, not so much being "tired of war's alarm," as conceiving that success in a military career was dependent wholly on those in high places at the Horse Guards, to court whose favour was more than he could afford to do as a British gentleman. It appears to us that in this, as in many other matters (especially his autobiography), he has failed to do himself justice through some mistaken motive of self-respect. He has been throughout his life continually in hot water with the authorities, and seems to have enjoyed it as his native element. He has thus foregone many advantages, simply through neglecting those little courtesies which so constantly prove a stumbling-block to the independent Briton. It is difficult to persuade some men of the value of forms in questions of social intercourse. Mr. Robertson, the interpreter of St. Paul, quoting a remark of Prescott to the effect that the British constitution owes its strength and consistency to the steady conservative adherence to precedent and

form which has marked each stage of its growth, very ably extends the view to matters of feeling, and shows how dependent on form even love is. How much more, then, does that goodwill on the part of those in power, which, though influenced by a sense of justice, is to a certain extent arbitrary, depend on a due maintenance of the customary measure of courtesy. A rough diamond must be very brilliant indeed to be in any way appreciated. We have alluded to this point because our veteran, in the preface and elsewhere, shows that he considers himself a man with a very great grievance. He is not obtrusive in his indignation; but, through the *natural* simplicity of his remarks, we notice the deep sense of wrong, the irritation of a man who considers that he has done more for the British nation than the British nation has done for him.

Luckily, Mr. Bunbury had friends who rated him at his true value, and knew better than himself what was good for him. Accordingly he one morning, contrary to his express wish, found himself gazetted to a company in the 80th, stationed at Malta, and accepted his fate. A short stay in that island and a period of home service, during which he was employed in the very unpleasant duty of making forced marches about the country to repress the excited feelings of his own countrymen at the time of the Reform Bill, bring him to the close of his European career. A new life was before him, the record of which is the only really valuable portion of the book.

In 1837 he sailed, with the last draft of his regiment, in charge of convicts to Australia; and shortly after his arrival was made Commandant of Norfolk Island. Here, acting in both a civil and military capacity, he proved himself to be a man of strong, practical, good sense, and effected numerous important changes, which have proved an immense benefit to the resources of the island, and the revenues of the Home Government. Doubtless the convicts, if any portion of the turbulent set then at work there remain yet unhung, loathe his memory; for he effectually put a stop to a system, then very prevalent, of what a school-boy would call "shaming ill," or as the Colonel himself less expressively renders it "malingering," by placing the sick on short rations. Perhaps the greatest of his improvements was the excellent system of agriculture he introduced. His regulations for the guidance of the Superintendent of Agriculture would do credit to a Scotch farmer with the longest head craniologically possible, and are well worth perusal, were it merely for a specimen of excellent common-sense. Unfortunately, his system was not carried out. New privileges were given to the convicts; the trees were everywhere cut down by them, rendering the land completely wind-swept, and comparatively unproductive. On some misunderstanding with the Governor-General at Sydney, arising out of an act of insubordination on the part of his troops, he was recalled, and, after his usual fashion, skulked about the streets of that town, refusing to bend his pride sufficiently to set himself right with the authorities. They, however, saw that, though his ways might not be their ways, he had acted on the occasion with great spirit and discretion, and he was shortly dispatched as Military Commander to New Zealand.

Here he took part in a line of policy which has been productive of great misfortune to both colony and mother-country. It was the early days of the settlement. New Zealand had been declared an independent country by her Majesty's Ministers; a company had therupon been formed to buy up land from the natives;

immense numbers of emigrants had flocked thither. The Ministers perceived their error too late, and sent Captain Hobson to obtain a cession of the sovereignty from the native chiefs "over such territories as were possessed by British subjects;" the gallant Captain more than carried out his instructions, and the result was such a confusion as perhaps never before marred the well-being of an infant colony—a confusion which has cost us much blood and treasure, and wasted years which might otherwise have been years of progressive prosperity. The part which Colonel Bunbury took in this affair was to obtain the signatures of the chiefs to what was termed the treaty of Waitangi, which was eventually signed by five hundred and twelve natives, many of whom either did not understand or did not care for its purport, and would just as readily have put their signature to a bill for a thousand pounds, to oblige the friendly missionary who accompanied the Colonel on his coasting tour. That officer, who appears to have done his share of the business with a sound discretion, which was rather thrown away under the circumstances, is very bitter against the whole body of missionaries for the course of action they have pursued in the island, and not without reason. Their sentiments being all in favour of unprotected barbarism, they sacrificed the best interests of the settlers to their humanitarian notions, and stirred up the natives to consider themselves aggrieved. Under any circumstances, this must have led to dire results; but when the false start which the colony had made was followed by other official blunders, it produced a complication of evils, of which we have not yet seen the end. Bishop Selwyn, muscular as a Christian, and energetic and admirable as a missionary, appears to follow a similar course, and champions philanthropy against policy. We wish we could give a full *résumé* of Colonel Bunbury's measures while in this command. The excellence of his views and the wisdom of his conduct are testified to (though the author modestly has forgotten to mention the fact) by the only Governor who has yet shown himself capable of ruling the settlement, and who is now once more on the scene of his able administration in 1846. But we must conclude. In the year 1844 the 80th was ordered to India, and took part in the terrible fights of Moodkee and Sobraon, through which the veteran gallantly led them as senior Lieutenant-Colonel, though wounded at the commencement of the first action, for his conduct on which occasion he was made a Companion of the Bath. Returning at the end of the campaign to England on sick-leave, he applied to be made an aide-de-camp to the Queen; and on the refusal of his application, after giving the Duke of Wellington a bit of his mind, sold out, married, and set himself down to authorship. In due time he was photographed, like the rest of the world, and conceived the happy idea of having a copy of the result bound up with the third volume of his work. We might be considered offensively personal if we gave our opinion of that specimen of art, and so we will conclude.

#### DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SENTIMENTS.\*

"Good wine needs no bush," and Mr. Wright requires no introduction at our hands. In the

\* *A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages.* By T. Wright, M.A., &c. &c. With Illustrations from the Illuminations in Contemporary Manuscripts and other Sources. Drawn and Engraved by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. Pp. 502. (Chapman and Hall.)

times with which he is so familiar, a graduate of one University was free of all others, and we believe that there is scarcely a learned antiquarian society in Europe of which our author is not a member; and it would be difficult to name any serial archaeological publication in England to which he has not contributed, at the least, one paper of value. On the present occasion he appears as the author of a volume which we really ought to term a Christmas book; so unexceptionable are its dainty purple covers, its crimson leaves, its exquisite print, and three hundred and nineteen charming illustrations, by Fairholt, which preserve all the quaintness, fun, and accuracy of the medieval Leech or John Doyle who designed them. Mr. Wright knows his subject so intimately and has identified himself so thoroughly with the period which he describes, that we appear to be listening to a contemporary writer. His book has the pulse of life; the knowledge and mind—almost the very breath—of medieval times. He gives us matter sufficient to set up a dozen archaeologists on separate subjects; he presents us with the result of the labours of years, original research, long critical study, and careful thought, under the most fascinating guise; and we glance in every page from the text to some amusing woodcut, which reproduces the scene which he has already graphically described. We have no compilation at second-hand, and no reproduction of well-known or worn-out cuts. Mr. Charles Kean owed his success in no small degree to the fidelity with which he reproduced the plays of Shakespeare, as regards costume, architecture, furniture, and weapons! but Mr. Wright furnishes here, in a popular form, that sort of information which will give life to the composition of the artist, and exhibit the real phases, the domestic manners and sentiments, and the progress of the people, arranged conveniently under distinct historical periods. No library can be complete without the volume, and no History of England can be read intelligently unless it be supplemented with this indispensable companion. He has subsidized the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Fabliau*, the romance, the chronicle, *The Tales of the Seven Sages*, the ballad, the figures on the tapestry-hangings, the illuminations in the most valuable manuscripts of England and the Continent, the sculptures on the misericords or folding seats of churches, and the Flemish brass, to illustrate his work, which is completed with a master's art. We feel that we are attending on the lessons delivered by a man who combines critical judgment with antiquarian research, and kindly intersperses with the drier detail lively anecdotes and amusing stories.

In the opening portion of the volume, Mr. Wright, with great ingenuity and sagacity, has constructed from very imperfect materials a clever sketch of the state of the country in Anglo-Saxon times. He entirely disproves the commonly-accepted tradition that Queen Anne of Bohemia introduced side-saddles, as he shows us that ladies before the Norman invasion rode sideways; and we must also dismiss the current story, that Hanway was the first person in England who used an umbrella, for we have a drawing of a servant holding an Anglo-Saxon parasol over the head of a gentleman, who apparently is clapping his hands in honour of his discovery.

Society seems to have been long at a standstill among the Saxons, and the lower and, in a great measure, the middle classes preserved their manners and customs for a considerable period after the arrival of the Normans. If the Frenchmen did not greatly advance the

morals of the country, they improved the buildings; and though the fire still burned on the hearth, chimney-flues constructed in the private apartments added considerably to the comfort of the home. It would be simply impossible to give a fair analysis of this encyclopedic volume, and, therefore, obviously unfair to attempt the task, within the limits at our disposal. There is no class of readers who will not find something to its taste: the antiquities of every kind of game, the origin of domestic furniture and utensils, the history of musical instruments, the use of rings, the progress of architecture, learning, and civilization; the domestic manners of successive periods, the custom of fostering children, the amusements, the modes of travelling, the habits, the cookery, the agriculture, the punishments, and occupations of the people in every order of society, are delineated so vividly and agreeably, that we hurry on from page to page, constantly finding new sources of interest, until with regret we discover that we have arrived at the end.

The period of the Middle Ages proper is full of interest. We are shown the gradual enlargement of the earlier single chamber, with its outhouses, into the solar over its cellarage; the hall, the court of offices, the parlour, the withdrawing-room, and the bed-chambers; and in the latter, we may observe, guests were so closely packed together on occasion that Mr. Pickwick might have been excused for making an involuntary mistake; and the various articles of dress were suspended on a perch, or rod, in a manner very formidable to a nervous sleeper. In the kitchen the holy-water ciborium displays an interested friendship for the cook, which is now exhibited by policemen or "my cousin the guardman" in a "screaming farce," although with perhaps less success. A scullion-boy performed the office of the smoke-jack; the guests sat in couples, and ate off the same plate, a trencher of bread; and when monks devoured patties on the sly, and indulged in banquets shared by *cheres amies*, it is no wonder that dancing and tumbling ladies, with their feet in the air, like a modern beggar-boy wheeling hand over hand in the streets, and minstrels singing indelicate songs, were not unfrequent accompaniments of a baronial feast. In some cases barons and knights enlivened the dinner by duels, or a general engagement with cheeses, quarter loaves, and great pieces of meat. The band of village musicians in the singing gallery of a country church are probably not inaccurate representatives of the minstrels who occupied the rood-loft, although happily they do not, like their medieval prototypes, act as tale-bearers or poisoners. Dice were curiously carved into the likeness of figures; and Mr. Wright shows us two gamblers in low life playing to their very shirts and skin, like the Kilkenny cats, who ate up each other till there was nothing left but their tails. In high life there were disputes at chess as angry as that celebrated game in which a boy, who was afterwards the mildest of Archbishops, knocked down Sydney Smith with the board. Cards were a Sarcenic invention, and in use before the reign of Charles VI., the time usually assigned for their introduction; from the card-block was derived the block-book, and when the wood was superseded by metal, the noble art of printing took its origin.

Mr. Wright is prodigal in good stories, such as those of the gluttonous wife who was basinated with the spit for eating up her husband's dinner; the ill-fated pies, who were plucked because they told tales of the burghers' wives, one of whom feasted on her good-

man's pet eel, and the other entertained guests not of his choosing; the rustic who mistook a chattering monkey dressed in the same suit as the nobleman's family for Jankyn, my lord's eldest son; the cunning minstrel and the churlish Hostillar, and the cross-grained wife, who, in her sulks, fell into the river and was looked for by her husband up the stream, because, said he, she was always so contradictory that I am quite sure her body would float against the current. But the best in the book is the anecdote of the Priest of Bailleul and his guest, the butcher of Abbeville, in which the former outwitted himself in stealing a sheep from the "flesher" and selling the fleece, for he discovered too late that he had made away with his own property.

In the chapter on "Domestic Amusements after Dinner," we could almost fancy we were reading a description of the present day, did it not afford at the same time novel hints for the coming Christmas evenings. Paterfamilias then, as now, nodded in his arm-chair, while the young folks betook themselves to dancing, to "tiers," or "hodman blind," our modern blindman's buff, to "hotcockles," which we recommend to our young friends equally with "Frog-in-the-middle," and Drawing characters, from the Ragman's roll, on which verses illustrative of different characters were written. Mr. Wright adds, that when the Scottish nobles and chieftains acknowledged the suzerainty of Edward I. by a roll from which their lordly seals were hung, they called it in derision Ragman's roll. Then there was a new form of skittles, called quilles, which had an element of Aunt Sally in it—we think Mr. Merry, the well-known toy-seller, still advertises "quilles;" ladies worked endless embroidery as they do, and manufactured cloth which they do not work nowadays; the young ones nursed lap-dogs, and elderly matrons, as a misericord in Minster Church shows, were attended by witch-like cats, in common with mms, who were permitted to have only this kind of domestic pet. As candles and lamps were expensive, the good folks in summer-time ordinarily went to bed at dark, soon after supper, utterly regardless of the modern saw which recommends a preliminary walk. There is a capital woodcut from Winchester College, representing a cellarier, who has gone down to draw ale for supper, frightened by goblins. Extinguishers did not exist, and night-shirts were among "things not generally known." This must have been an inconvenient though primitive system, when ladies received visits in their bed-chambers from gentlemen, or administered curtain-lectures to the mediæval "Caudles," and when travellers were berthed in inn rooms as modern voyagers are in Channel steamers. The morning bath was in use as much then as now, but prudent people put all their money and trinkets in a hutch at the foot of their beds, and had a convenient cabinet in which a lover might be secreted, as was the custom in the comedies of the last century. Maid-servants were even then a "domestic difficulty," and given to flirtations with the "Yellow-plush," or "Jeames," who was of gentle blood, "for to be a good servant was a gentlemanly accomplishment" in those fortunate times. Cavaliers very ungallantly broke ladies' noses when there was a matrimonial quarrel, and the hints upon etiquette furnished to a young girl of the upper ranks convey a poor impression of the habits of the period, with one exception, "if she could sing, she was to do so when asked, and not require too much pressing." We are sorry to add that ladies, in their avocation of mediciniers, a precedent we

cannot recommend even in the persons of women M.D.s of the United States, sometimes mistook, with their eyes open, ugly poisons for healing drugs. The Spaniard said that fruit after supper was lead, but in the Middle Ages such niceties were of little moment; and Mr. Wright can tell us the name of every flower that blossomed and every potherb which grew in a mediæval garden, and introduces us to the banquet and carol, the games, the garland-making in the open air, and the promenade in couples, with gentlemen holding ladies by the tip of the finger, according to the mode, although a gallows, or a tree with a man hanging upon it, were frequent ornaments of the mediæval landscape, which must have produced the effect of the Egyptian skeleton at the feasts of the Pharaohs. The grim baron of the melodrama is no unreal creation; for we find in actual tradition the lord of the castle coming down to plunder merchants, ill-use ladies, and plunge prisoners into dungeons, foul with reptiles, and filled with loathsome horrors.

We will defy the man who has any laughter in his composition to glance at the illustrations of animals without a smile—the grotesqueness of the dancing bear, and the ludicrous delineation of a bear-hunt; the lady rousing the game with the tabor, as Hampshire goodwives enliven a swarming hive with a key and a warming-pan; the sports-woman encouraging her tiny lap-dog adorned with a collar of bells to capture an enormous rabbit, with a broad grin on his face; the comical procession of hares carrying an unfortunate hound, their old enemy, in a cart, to the gallows; or the apes funnily robbing a sleeping traveller. The sorrows of travelling are narrated in a lively strain; and we find that the bush or the besom hung up above the door of the hostel promised poor fare and lodging to the wayfarer, while the tricks of the ale-wife brought her to condign punishment, if we may draw an inference from a curious wood-carving in Ludlow Church. Sham cripples and real robbers infested the roads; and one of the former class, depicted by Mr. Wright, might have puzzled Mr. Buckland with the tracks left by his peculiar mode of locomotion. The well-known writer in the *Times* on the art of dining might glean some hints from the copious bills of fare furnished in the fourteenth century, and Dr. Riccobocca might have comforted himself under his umbrella had he witnessed the sight of a monk and a lady accommodated in the stocks, with a jaunty Pecksniff reading them a lecture on their enormities.

With the fifteenth century the houses of the nobles began to take the form of quadrangles; the floors were filthy, the tables were generally permanent pieces of furniture, the buffet was crowded with plate, cushions were placed on the chairs, tapestry or mural paintings decorated the walls, but we observe that even fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who wore their hats, leaned their elbows or crossed their hands upon the table; plates were few, and knives were carried by the diners at their waists. Fingers were made before forks, and we must add, pocket-handkerchiefs, as the guests at that period made unclean proof, though, fortunately for their neighbours, they sat upon settles divided into compartments; their bedroom chairs were the exact models of the folding American chairs which are now to be seen in every upholsterer's shop. Young ladies sat in company with their hands demurely crossed upon their laps. In ancient wills we often find great persons bequeathing their beds to their survivors. Sleepers then

required to be really weary when they had to lie upon straw pallets, hard bedsteads with a log or sack of chaff for a bolster, a single sheet, and a coarse coverlet. Instead of the monk writing and illuminating the missal in his carol, we have the lady drawing her own pretty face by means of a mirror; "Punch and Judy," or a show marvellously like it, amused simple folks; great ladies did penance in clumsy waggons without springs when they travelled or made calls; and the pillion and chair were infinitely preferable to the mediæval cabriolet.

In the seventeenth century a lively Frenchman described the English as "gluttons at midday and sober at night." In speaking of "bevers," Mr. Wright might have added that the term is still in use at Winchester College; and he must correct a curious misprint (?) touching "Macbeth" (King Lear?) "and his daughters." The woodcut of the mummers entering disguised with the heads of turkey-cocks, is worthy of the best scene in a modern pantomime; but the morals of both that and the preceding period we fear deserve the severe judgment pronounced upon them by our author, when a happy home and good temper were the exception, and profane swearing, gambling, and licentiousness, the rule.

We attach great importance to this volume, not only from the ability, research, and vigorous judgment which it displays in every page, but for the important influence it ought to exercise in correcting many sentimental prejudices and prepossessions, and for its corroboration of the sagacious paradox of Lord Bacon, "antiquitas saeculi juventus mundi." The true philosopher and patriot will learn many valuable lessons from its perusal, and among them this the most practical of all, that—to use the words of the great English sage—"much greater things be expected from our age, if it knew its strength and would endeavour and apply, than from the old times, as being a more advanced age of the world, and enlarged and accumulate with numberless experiences and observations."

#### DYER'S HISTORY OF MODERN

#### EUROPE.\*

Mr. DYER has one essential qualification for an historian. He is very industrious. By dint of industry he has amassed a large amount of historical information; he has collected from varied and reliable sources a valuable catena of facts and incidents; and, by so doing, has provided the materials out of which a History of Modern Europe might be written. But he can scarcely be said to have written such a history, at least not one that will at all answer the purpose for which, we presume, it is intended.

To write a history of modern Europe during the last four centuries, in four octavo volumes, containing from six to seven hundred pages each, is doubtless a matter of no small difficulty. It requires peculiar qualifications in the writer. Not only must he be industrious in collecting his materials, but he must be very discreet in the use of them. To select is probably more difficult than to collect. Judicious compression is as important as extensive research. To know what to suppress, what to give prominence to, what to relate in detail, and what

\* *The History of Modern Europe, from the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, to the War in the Crimea in 1857.* By Thomas Henry Dyer. Four Vols. Vols. I. and II. (Murray.)

merely to glance at in a passing allusion, the writer must constantly bear in mind the reader for whom he intends his pages.

Such a history can hardly be intended for the student. For him a summary or epitome of history has few attractions. If he desire to master his subject, to comprehend the great principles of history, and to understand how those principles are illustrated by the details of historical narrative; if he wish to know, and to be, as it were, upon familiar terms with the leading characters of the past, he will go to the fountain-head for information; he will study not perhaps original documents themselves; for they are difficult of access, but those documents as they have been worked up and made presentable by the great historical writers of our own and other nations. But with what is called the general reader the case is different. He belongs to a class which is on the increase every day. His tastes and peculiar requirements should therefore be consulted. In our large towns, especially in those of the northern districts, there are many who desire knowledge who have yet little time to devote to its pursuit. During the day their time is occupied with business. At night when business is over, or early in the morning before it has commenced, they devote what few hours they can command to the acquirement of information. They desire education. They appreciate a cultured mind. They wish to be well informed. In no one subject do they take generally a greater interest than in that of history. On the one hand, it is closely connected with, and throws great light upon, the politics of the day; and, on the other hand, it does not necessarily require that previous knowledge of either classics or mathematics which is essential to any acquaintance with the other sciences.

That this is the class of readers for whom Mr. Dyer has intended his volumes we gather from his own remarks. He thinks his book will "not be unacceptable to the public." In his readers he does not presuppose any previous knowledge of the domestic affairs of continental nations, nor does he expect in them the slightest acquaintance with Latin or Greek, otherwise he would scarcely deem it necessary to translate the words "Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuique domini" (p. 42), or the title *Μαρίας Εὔκομος* (p. 337).

Yet for such readers Mr. Dyer's History is particularly ill-suited. Their peculiar requirements seem never to have occurred to him. They require something more than a mere dry narrative of events. A history of Europe intended for them should bring prominently forward, and carefully delineate, the great characters and the leading events of the past. It should be written not only with great accuracy, so as not to mislead, but also in an attractive and inviting style, so as to interest the feelings and impress the memory with the images depicted. The style should be clear, vigorous, and spirited. Unfortunately Mr. Dyer's style is just the contrary. It is very monotonous and languid. It never rises above or sinks below a certain level. It is wanting in life and spirit. The incidents of a marriage, a siege, a massacre, or a revolution, are all related in the same matter-of-fact way. Mr. Dyer never seems to warm with his subject—never to feel that he is discoursing of living men who were once either very noble, or very base, or very mediocre. Style he may think of little importance. Perhaps it is, but if his book is intended for the general reader, the probability is that nine out of ten general readers will not get much beyond the first fifty pages.

Then with regard to the selection of matter;

in such a history as he has proposed to himself to write, great care is requisite in the handling of details. Too many details clog the memory, while too few fail to bring the true picture before the mind. Of the majority of events, therefore, it is advisable to give very few, if any, details; of the leading events it is well to give exact and often minute details. To give imperfect details of many events only misleads. This Mr. Dyer has done. Thus, at page 553, vol. i., he describes the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn:—"Henry . . . weary at length of so many years of fruitless pleading, resolved to take the advice of Francis; and although the Pope, at the instance of the Emperor, had issued a bull prohibiting Henry from cohabiting with Anne Boleyn (December 23rd, 1532), he nevertheless privately celebrated his nuptials with her (January 25th, 1533)." Now, it would have been advisable to give either less or more of detail. If it seemed good to the writer, he might simply have stated the fact that Henry was privately married on the 25th of January; but if he mentions causes, he should state them with such clearness as to enable the reader to appreciate their force. It was not simply the many years of fruitless pleading which wearied Henry; it was the deceit and tergiversation of the Papal Court which disgusted him. Then, again, the bull had nothing at all to do with the private marriage. To be sure, it is dated December 23rd, 1532—more than a month before the marriage was celebrated—but it was not known to Henry till a month after that event, when it suddenly appeared, in the February of 1533, on the church-doors in Flanders. It is scarcely correct to say, "although the Pope published a bull, NEVERTHELESS Henry married," when, at the time, the bull was unpublished and unknown to Henry.

The same fault is committed in the description of the siege of Antwerp. Considering the numerous sieges that occurred in the war between Philip and the Netherlanders, many writers would simply have mentioned the majority of them without describing them. Mr. Dyer has described this siege, but in doing so has produced a wrong impression as to some of the incidents. After giving a minute account of the siege and dimension of Parma's bridge, he refers to the fire-ships and to the infernal machines of Gianibelli, or as he terms him Gianbelli. The cause of their failure is thus described: "The bridge itself was considerably damaged. Farnese himself was thrown to the earth, and lay for a time insensible. The besieged, however, did not follow up their plan with vigour. They allowed Farnese time to repair the damage" (vol. ii. p. 319). The facts are, as our readers may know, that the infernal machine, or hell-burner, contrived by Gianibelli, was entirely successful. A breach, two hundred feet in width, was made. The passage was open for the fleet, and the fleet was ready to take advantage of it, to sail through it, to utterly destroy the far-famed bridge, and to carry succour to the citizens of Antwerp; but it awaited the appointed signal. If a sufficient breach were made, a rocket was to be sent up to signify the same to the fleet. This post was entrusted to Admiral Jacobsoon, and it was through his cowardice and incompetency that the whole attempt failed. In fright, or in confusion, he never gave the signal. In the words of Mr. Motley, "the rocket never rose. And it is enough, even after the lapse of three centuries, to cause a pang in every heart that beats for human liberty, to think of the bitter disappointment which crushed these great and legitimate hopes. The cause lay in the incompetency and cowardice of the man who had

been so unfortunately entrusted with a share in a noble enterprise." Not, as Mr. Dyer's account implies, in the want of vigour of the defenders of Antwerp.

Mr. Dyer's work is divided into eight epochs or books, each containing in itself, as he expresses it, a species of revolution. He desires, he tells us, to give the reader an idea of the unity of European history—to present it them as a *whole*. But in the prosecution of his plan Mr. Dyer has shown a singular disregard to causes. He appears to have no notion of the important part borne by literature during the last four centuries. Because Mr. Hallam has written a special history of the literature of Europe, he thinks he may write the history of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, without describing such literature (p. ix., preface). A history of modern Europe during the last four centuries, without an account of its literature, is of as much value as a history of the early Church would be without an account of the heresies or councils. It is a cloak with the trivial omission of the works. The frame he gives, but the main-spring—the cause of causes—an account of this is entirely omitted. Yet Mr. Dyer promises a history of the literature of the eighteenth century. Why? Because, he says, it is one of the causes which produced the French Revolution—as though the literature of the fifteenth century was not equally one of the causes which produced the Reformation. But of the importance of this cause Mr. Dyer has evidently no conception. He dismisses it in these words:—"The revival of classical learning promoted, no doubt, the advent of the Reformation, though one of its first effects was to produce a race of pedants, who caught the form rather than the spirit of antiquity" (i. 377). He adds, "The results of the art of printing were also slow." In this cavalier style does he pass over the two events which have contributed more than any others to produce that unity of European history which Mr. Dyer wishes to depict to his reader. Being unable to appreciate the causes, it is not so surprising that he should be equally incapable of grasping the principles of the Reformation, or understanding the characters of its guides and leaders. To neither Wickliffe, Huss, or Luther does he do justice; and he speaks of the Lutheran Reformation "as only a reproduction, under more favourable circumstances, of those of Wickliffe and Huss" (i. 329).

Altogether we are greatly disappointed with Mr. Dyer's two volumes. A history of modern Europe is much wanted. When we saw the announcement of the present work, we hoped the want would be supplied: but it is not so. A history combining accuracy of statement with vigour of style, and with a due appreciation on the part of the writer of cause and effect, is still a want. The materials Mr. Dyer has supplied, but somebody else is required to digest them. As a book of reference the present work may be useful. Those who plod perseveringly through it will doubtless acquire much information. To the student it may be valuable in directing him to the sources whence he may obtain the knowledge he requires; but it will not be of much service to the general reader.

#### LOVEL THE WIDOWER.\*

WHEN two years ago the world heard that its great satirist, Mr. Thackeray, had ceased to be a solitary knight-errant battling single-handed with the vices and follies of society,

\* *Lovel the Widower*. By W. M. Thackeray. (Smith and Elder.)

and had actually organized a company for the suppression of snobishness and the diffusion of pleasant information, tremendous were the world's excitement and enthusiasm. As eager a rush was made at the yellow covers as if society had only to swallow so many tens of thousands and away would go its old "goose-skin," and its callous old carcase at once become like the flesh of a little child. The usual anxiety to hear the names of a new war cabinet is as nothing to the eagerness then everywhere felt to discover what knights had been thought worthy to sit at King Arthur's table and drink the famous first-class claret, which a mischief-making Modred declared to be specially reserved by his Majesty for first-class contributors. When the names became known, professional penmen were alarmed, and the world of amateurs delighted to see a heavy blow struck at Protection. Not merely the tail-coats of the civilian, but coats, naval and military, of the best cut, and even handsome uniforms, graced the board, at the head of which, or rather in the centre (for was it not a round table?) sat the host, impartially dispensing, under the green eyes of slanderous Modred, his first-class claret, renowned and modest as Arthur, hospitable and patient of prosy stories as Dido. Nothing could be more satisfactory; the only little cloud, scarcely worth mentioning, in the bright horizon was the fear that in the tournaments to be exhibited for the general amusement King Arthur would carry all before him and defeat the principle of the company by an undue monopoly of public attention. Could even the gifted bard, who faltered in the middle of his song, have seen in Mr. Trollope,—provided, that is, the bard had read and compared *Vanity Fair* and *Barchester Towers*,—a Sir Launcelot, destined to violate the hospitable board and run away with the Guinevere of public popularity? Yet of this grave charge we cannot acquit Mr. Trollope. Long before Lovel's matrimonial obsequies occasioned more surprise than sorrow, Lucy Robarts's little pony-carriage had distanced all competition, and was driving quietly up to the winning-post. Now here is surely matter for speculation. Without entering into odiously minute comparisons, and without any disparagement of the popular lieutenant, we may confess our unqualified astonishment that he should thus have beaten the Commander upon his own deck. Had he been a writer of an entirely different stamp, delighting to draw fat, jolly portraits of humanity, and always sprinkling chubby cheeks with tears of rose-water, the success might have been assigned to a temporary change in the public appetite. But Mr. Trollope may almost be considered a disciple of Mr. Thackeray, and the difference between them, however great, is a difference less of kind than of degree. How, then, at such a moment, and in the eyes of an eager multitude, was the battle lost by the strong? We believe Mr. Thackeray to be so consummate an artist that, if he had thought it on the whole best for the *Cornhill Magazine* that the editor should play an inferior part, he would have committed suicide or infanticide without compunction; but not being able to see what advantage could possibly spring from such an unnatural sacrifice, we are obliged to lay the blame on the bereaved shoulders of Lovel. The book is only little one, but still somehow it manages, like an under-sized scape-goat, to carry all Mr. Thackeray's most grievous sins against popularity. It is hopeless even to expect that the publishers will allow it to be sent into the wilderness; but we wish that meat so strong could be specially reserved for the

priests and Levites of criticism, and not permitted to injure the stomachs of those accustomed to the ordinary Revalenta Arabica of the circulating library.

Amongst these the complaint most commonly brought against Mr. Thackeray is that his actors are ordinarily either muffish or bad; that it seems to be a maxim of his social ethics that the world is only fitted to be a paradise for fools, or a den of prey for knaves; that he has adopted that archangelic doctrine, that virtue is not merely her own reward, but is in her own person so beautiful and desirable, that to strike a fair balance between her and her half-sister, vice, and prevent her suitors from appearing sordid or mercenary, all the loaves and fishes and confectionery must be carefully transferred to the pantry-shelves of vice. For instance, poor Colonel Newcome, the gentleman, *par excellence*, of modern literature, begins life by breaking his heart; again sets it bleeding vicariously for his son; is bullied to death by a Mrs. Mackenzie, and dies in a pauper's dress. This, be it observed, is not our own objection, but is very common, and points to one of the causes which prevent the wider spread of Mr. Thackeray's popularity. Another charge is, that even when his characters are not knaves or fools, they are sure to be disagreeable, to be represented in an unfavourable light,—and hence it is charitably inferred and politely asserted that so successful a delineator of such characters must be cynical, ungenial, and of a cold heart. Now admitting, for indeed it cannot be denied, the predominance of black or speckled sheep in Mr. Thackeray's pastures, it is easy to find a more philosophical and charitable explanation. His genius is eminently analytical. Keen and subtle, it takes much the same pleasure in disentangling a moral knot and bringing some hidden motive to light, as it gave Edgar Poe to unravel the mysteries of a secret crime, or puzzle out the solution of an intricate problem. The tendency of both minds is the same, but their provinces differ widely. Poe chose whatever was exceptional and strange, and, according to his own favourite theory, found great assistance in the apparent difficulty of the task. Mr. Thackeray has chosen the higher and more difficult ground of human character, and it is perfectly natural that with this analytical detective tendency he should be always bringing out something which looks "queer," to say the least, in the light of day. Men don't make a point of hiding their good actions and laudable motives; these are generally allowed to lie on the surface, except when occasionally modesty hides her blushes beneath a very transparent veil. What therefore, to a mind of Mr. Thackeray's order, can be the pleasure or glory of exhibiting them? But to show how often benevolence is only a name for self-love, justice for meanness, forbearance for cowardice, humility for hypocrisy, with all the other pseudonyms in our civilized system of ethics, this is a task which calls for ingenuity and a thorough knowledge of mental anatomy, and no one handles the knife with so much skill and pure professional relish as Mr. Thackeray. That he can, whenever he pleases, describe amiable and loveable characters, his works sufficiently prove; but he is not nearly so much at home in them, and they are done rather by an effort either to relieve the sombre monotony of the picture, or as a concession to public weakness.

*Lovel the Widower* is too small a sketch to require, on artistic grounds, this toning, but we wish that from more grovelling motives Mr. Thackeray had condescended to con-

sult popular feeling. It is sometimes the case that in a slight sketch one gets a better insight into the natural genius and peculiar tendencies of the artist than from one in which there is full play for a variety of principles. Thus, in *Lovel the Widower*, Mr. Thackeray's detective tendency riots undisturbed. When we have swallowed the whole, not one character leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth of the philanthropist, unless we except Master Pop, and he can scarcely do more than flavour his odious little sister Cissy. Besides, philanthropy can't consent to dine upon a cock-sparrow. Bedford might do for an *entrée* (for philanthropy is far too genteel to make a footman the principal dish), if he did not forfeit our esteem by his insanely unprofessional conduct in the drawing-room. We allude to his pugilistic and amorous outbreak before the Captain and Bessie. Every man's character is strongly tinged by his profession. A doctor is usually bland, a lawyer keen, a chimney-sweep unconventional. But nowhere do class and caste reign so omnivorously as in the plush and powder profession. The individual not only withers; the very fountain of his idiosyncrasy is poisoned by the treacherous gift of a livery. An archbishop at a coronation, a Red Indian at the stake, are not under more restraint than a well-trained domestic in the drawing-room. We hold that butlers are no exception to this rule. If they do not actually wear the poisoned shirt, they are brought too near to escape its baleful influence. We admit that a footman is after all only a man, and that therefore *a fortiori* a butler is subject to human passions and infirmities. We even go so far as to allow that, in defence of a woman,—perhaps we ought to add, an adored woman,—Bedford might in the drawing-room have knocked his superior, the Captain, down; but even Mr. Montgomery's "red and raging eye of imagination" would pause before it pictured him over the body of the fallen gentleman, bellowing out to a lady (for in the drawing-room a governess is a lady), "Elizabeth—dear, dear Elizabeth—I love you with all my heart, and soul, and strength—I do." It is hard, very hard to conceive him so behaving as a man; it is impossible to conceive him so behaving as a butler. Indeed, the general treatment of the domestic element, which figures largely in *Lovel the Widower*, is so strange and unnatural, that it sorely tests the article on which especially we found our faith in Mr. Thackeray. The feature in his works which above all others raises them to the first rank among novels, is their marvellous fidelity in descriptions of life and society. He has not in Baconian fashion taken for his province the whole field of knowledge and observation, but whatever he has painted is so lifelike, that if the New Zealander be lucky enough to disentomb a copy of *Vanity Fair* or of *The Newcomes*, he will know as much as we ourselves do of a certain section of fashionable society as it at present exists. If reading *Lalla Rookh* be as good as riding on a camel's back through India, reading Mr. Thackeray is as good as breakfasting and dining half one's life between Bloomsbury and Belgravia. His reputation in this respect is so deservedly great, that our first impulse is to reverse the order of criticism, and borrow our experience from the writer instead of attempting to test the writer by our own scraps of experience. But, really, the part Bedford has to play in the Putney drama is too much for our faith. That he should befriend and patronize his old friend and patron, and speak to him of gentlemen by their Christian names, is possible, if not highly probable; but that even such a muff as Mr. Batchelor—for he is an educated

muff, not altogether devoid of the tastes and habits of a gentleman—should exchange confidence with the butler in a love-affair, and join in reading private letters, is a fact so out of the ordinary routine, that it should at least be attested by competent witnesses. What a scene, too, when Bedford—the self-possessed, self-reliant butler—merely at the mention of Miss Prior's name, drops his eyes, stamps on the ground, groans and hangs down his miserable head, sticks his knuckles into his mournful eyes, and exclaims, "It's the old, old story: it's you and the *Hirish girl over again*!" But for the pugilistic proposal-scene, already mentioned, we should say that nothing could be more absurd or improbable than the above picture. Plato refused to believe, even on Homer's testimony, the blubbering, swearing, and other unseemly conduct of the god-like heroes before Troy; and supported by this precedent, we really must refuse to accept even from Thackeray so gross a libel on all the venerable associations connected with the grave name of butler. Certainly it is either Homer that nods or we that dream, if such behaviour is to be expected from any but a stage valet.

Nor is Bedford's tone to Lovel easily accounted for. What difference, in this civilized era, do a few years of faithful service make in the relations between master and man? Major Pendennis and Morgan, living together thirty years, and remaining to the end perfect strangers, thanks to the "pitiless distinction between class and class," make a much more natural, if a less agreeable, picture. Bedford's vagaries leave no room for surprise, or it might astonish us to find even the footman Bulkeley, the tranquilizing plush upon his limbs, the sacred powder upon his head, persist in keeping on his cap in presence of "my lady's" son and the governess, and shortly afterwards threaten to "punch off the ugly 'ead" of a gentleman-visitor. Even the pretty lady's maid does not escape. We are not trusted much in her company, but in the few glimpses we have of her, we find a hideous libel on her sex and profession. Although footmen cease to be men and never begin to be gentlemen, lady's maids not only retain the proper pride and decorum of their sex, but from constant intercourse, often of a most intimate and confidential kind, with their old and young mistresses, they occasionally put on with the dress, the manners, and something even of the refinement of ladies. We fearlessly appeal to the *Lady's Paper*, the *London Journal*, the *Family Herald*, the *Housemaid's Friend* (if such a journal exists), and ask if plain Molly, the scullery-maid, would sink the privileges and proprieties of her sex with the shamelessness ascribed by Mr. Thackeray to pretty Mary Pinhorn? It makes us quite indignant to find this fascinating young creature represented as seizing the hand of the struggling and reluctant butler, and with sobs declaring that she wished his "stony ah-ah-art were round her neck, and she at the bottom of a well." *O inversi mores!* The pretty beggar-maid would not have knuckled down in this way to King Cophetua! We should strongly advise Mr. Thackeray to leave the servants' hall alone, and keep the butler at a respectful distance.

We have already said that, naughty Pop excepted, there is not one agreeable character in the book. Old Mrs. Bownington is too foolish, The biographer, though he has many good qualities, is obtrusively and painfully a muff, and a muff as such is not desirable, though for his good looks, his good wine, his income or family, women and men may be brought to like him. Indeed, we fancy that the muffish biographer is responsible, in great measure, for

the comparative failure of the story. Artistically he is one of Mr. Thackeray's best productions, and the skill with which, for our amusement, he is made to expose and map himself out is very remarkable. But people never have been able, and perhaps never will be able, to discriminate between the author and the author's mask. A very able and friendly critic, reviewing "Maud" in the *Quarterly*, took Mr. Tennyson to task for his praise of war, as gravely as if the praise had been uttered in the House of Commons, instead of being put into the mouth of a half-cracked misanthropical lover. Just so, when Mr. Batchelor is exhibiting most artistically, many readers think it too bad of Mr. Thackeray to prose so about Gloryina and palm off upon them his stale jokes. Mr. Thackeray rather heightens the illusion by making no attempt to conceal his own well-known style, and by endowing the muff with his own wit and penetration. In fact, it looks almost as if he intended to be himself regarded as the muff; and no doubt this artifice pays very well where a quiet, retiring muff is always bringing upon himself ridicule. The "delicious pleasantness" of Addison is often heightened by this stratagem. But a garrulous, egotistical fool is apt to become a bore, and when he is biographer, a bore from whom there is no escape.

As for the two mothers-in-law, it is not easy to say which is the more nauseating,—the servile meanness of poor plate-scraping Mrs. Prior, with her feeble flattery and petty larcenies, or the swaggering meanness of Lady Baker, who snarls at the bounty upon which she lives. Mrs. Prior perhaps labours under this disadvantage, that being a greater novelty more pains are taken with her portrait, which is all the more revolting from its wondrous accuracy. The conversation in which she wheedles the children out of some jam and bread for Augustus, Frederick, and Fanny, is perfect.

Perhaps, however, the heroine is, after all, the most unpopular character. Lady Baker's final discomfiture satisfies our indignation, while poor Mrs. Prior is scarcely worthy of it; but when the curtain falls, scheming, hypocritical Bessie is left smiling and triumphant. Her unpopularity is the more remarkable, for it is evident that Mr. Thackeray, though he does not set her up as a model heroine, considers her a favourable specimen of woman-kind, to be regarded with no slight admiration. The fact is, that she exactly realizes his type of the clever woman in being an admirable manager, and as he has before told us that management implies hypocrisy, why Bessie must be a bit of a hypocrite, and her best excuse is that, since she was sixteen, she has been so situated that management and hypocrisy have become instincts for self-preservation. As much of her character as she can fairly be held responsible for is good and sound. She has worked like a slave to support her mother, and done her duty to her employers. If society has made her a humbug, why then it is only fair that she should humbug society. This is quite enough to content a philosopher ready to make allowance for human peccability, and whose usual estimate of human nature does not lean to romantic optimism. But the ordinary novel-reader, less tolerant and discriminating, pronounces Bessie a hypocritical, ungrateful jilt, for whom loss of situation and perpetual celibacy were scarcely adequate punishment.

But we have already exceeded our limits. We have dwelt rather on the blemishes of the book because its merits speak for themselves. In style, humour, and that exquisite

scholarship which sits so easily and gracefully on every page of Mr. Thackeray's writings, it is not inferior to anything he has yet produced.

#### THE LATE KING OF HANOVER.\*

We can perfectly well remember how, in our salad days, the good people used to talk under their breath about the Duke of Cumberland, and the uncanny feeling produced on us by this reticence. To us the King of Hanover constantly appeared under a cloud. We heard frequent allusions to some horrible deed in which he was mixed up; and when he finally quitted this country to rule over his German population, the English gave a sigh of relief at seeing the last of him. He proved himself a first-class monarch at any rate, and while the rest of Germany detested him, his honest Hanoverians clung by him through good and evil report. There was a vast amount of pluck about the old man: he gave his people a constitution of his own manufacture, and stuck by it to the last. In 1848, when thrones began tumbling to pieces, some of the democrats applied to him for a little more liberty. He answered them bluntly, "I am a King who never say what I do not really mean, and promise nothing that I cannot honourably perform." On the other hand, he never allowed the reactionists to progress, and whenever they made any tentatives of that nature, he very soon put them down. He was determined to be master in his own house, and remained so to the last.

To this King, who inherited all his father's obstinacy, if none of his other good points, the Hanoverians have just erected a statue, which Herr von Mallortie, Supreme Court-Marshal, has accompanied by a life of his old master. From such an author we can hardly expect any serious biography; indeed, his book is much more remarkable for its list of courtly visitors and ceremonials than for any detailed account of the King. Still, there are some characteristic traits connected with the old gentleman which we will proceed to exhume. Ernest Augustus, fifth son of George III., was born on June 3, 1771. Educated under his father's eyes, he proceeded in the autumn of 1786 to Göttingen, where of course he had the best tutors; but for all that, learnt very little. Our author supplies us with the following explanation of the Prince's defective education:

"The Prince displayed a great interest in religious matters, and was fond of reading the Bible. He had made some progress in mathematics, but his knowledge of Latin was his strongest point; and it was noticed at Göttingen that he could express himself excellently in that language on paper, and was thoroughly well grounded in it. In French, which the Prince naturally spoke well, he lacked a readiness in expressing himself on paper; while, on the contrary, geography was a perfect *terra incognita* to him, for he was ignorant of the most commonplace things, as well as of any notion of the statistical relations of countries and their form of government. His knowledge of history was somewhat better, although not at all chronologically arranged. The Prince soon evinced great interest in his studies, but he was ever deficient in the requisite perseverance; and if his exercises turned out so well, it must be rather ascribed to his lively good sense and genius than to his industry. He was addicted to satire, and had a great liking for discovering the defects of men and their weak and ridiculous points. Altogether he was most difficult to manage; for, although he listened with docility to lectures or good advice, he soon fell into his former errors again, and often contrived to turn the warnings of

\* König Ernst August. Von E. C. Von Mallortie. (Hannover: Hahn.)

his tutors into ridicule. The result was that he soon stood on a painful footing with his suite, and hence the terms existing between him and Colonel von Mallortie became most disagreeable to both parties. The Prince has frequently told me, that during a whole year he did not once speak to the Colonel. Still, his conduct improved with years, although the liveliness which, with growing years, was combined in him with a good deal of recklessness, caused the Prince to go astray many a time and oft. He, however, speedily recognized the impropriety of his conduct, and gave himself all possible trouble to cause it to be overlooked. Still, it was difficult to obtain any influence over Prince Ernest; and in this respect he stood far behind his brother Adolphus, who ever evinced the greatest attention and obedience. The defects, however, with each succeeding year yielded greater scope to his good qualities, and the working of religion upon the mind and heart was most perceptible. The spirit of Christianity became clearer to the Prince, and good principles took root in his inclinations and feelings. Prince Ernest more and more displayed a calmness in listening to good advice and a pleasant inclination toward what was good. He especially possessed a natural openness, which emanated from his good heart, and this ensured the effects of good education and supervision. His application to his studies became perceptibly greater, and the effect of what he learned deeper. There was fair ground for hoping that a fixed and Christian character would avert those dangers of youth to which his liveliness and inclinations too easily exposed him."

Ernest Augustus expressed himself far more concisely about his behaviour at Göttingen. When he paid his last visit to the university town, and listened to the greatest praise from the Professor about his student years, he shook his grey head, and merely said, "Youth has no virtue." When he returned to London, it was considered necessary to give him a strict military training, and he received his commission as Captain in the 9th Light Dragoons. He displayed rare bravery in the French war, and the following description his biographer gives us is fully confirmed by historians:

"During the tedious siege of Valenciennes, the 9th Dragoons were engaged on outpost duty, and had several skirmishes with the enemy, in which the Prince took part. Ever animated by a lively desire to thrash the enemy, he was, like the rest, frequently exposed to imminent peril of his life. On August 6, he ran great danger at Villers-en-Couchee, for, while supporting the skirmishers, he found himself obliged to attack a superior body of the enemy, and was surrounded. In this instance the odds were far more than man to man: and the Prince seemed only to have the choice between disgraceful captivity and a heroic death. The royal Prince defended himself in a manner worthy of his great ancestors; and when he was hurled to the ground by a charge of the enemy, his faithful followers sacrificed their lives in defending him. The action lasted a long time: every man engaged bore signs of the bravest defence, and the heroic Commandant had not the fewest of these. He received, for instance, a very dangerous sabre-stroke on the side of the head. At length some squadrons dashed up and rescued the Prince. It was in this affair that he was cut out by Schröder, a dragoon, who, when an old man, described how the Prince's uniform was completely cut to pieces by the sabre-strokes of the French. When the campaign opened again in 1794, the regiment fought a smart action on the 10th May, in which the Prince received two wounds. As he lost an eye on this occasion, the Prince was compelled to return to England. On August 18, he was promoted Major-General, and made Lieut.-Colonel of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. After his recovery, he rejoined his regiment in October, 1794, and commanded it at Nymwegen. In this action the Prince broke his sabre, and was attacked by a French dragoon, who dealt a furious blow at his head. The Prince parried it with the remaining portion of his blade, threw his arms round his opponent, dragged him from his horse, and carried him prisoner into camp. During the

remainder of the campaign, more important commands were entrusted to the Prince, especially that of the rear-guard of the Hanoverian army, with whom he fought many and brilliant actions."

In 1795 the Prince quitted active service, and became, unfortunately for himself, a zealous politician. He was always sure to be found on the side of the party opposed to the people; and as he expressed his feelings in the most sarcastic and cutting language, he soon became the most detested of all the Peers. The most shameful accusations were brought against him, in order to satiate the savagery of the populace, and pamphlets charged him with cheating, forgery, and even murder. He was said to have attacked and killed his valet in the night; but in reality the affair was as Herr von Mallortie describes it.—

"The murderous attack made on the Duke on the night of June 1st, 1810, naturally created an intense excitement in London, and was employed by his enemies in a most disgraceful manner, in order to place the detested Prince in an odious light. The excitement against the Prince had reached its acme at this period, when a Whig Ministry had attained power, and public insults to the Prince were no rarity. He was known in England as the leader of the High Tory party, and thus lost favour with the populace: on this account no faith must be placed in the rumours which were propagated at the time about his private life. Judging from all I heard from the King himself about this melancholy catastrophe, I am convinced that attempted revenge on the part of his servant occasioned the fearful deed. In 1843 the King very calmly explained to me the whole affair, on the scene of action, and regretted that Sali had taken his own life, after failing in his attempted murder; and that a mysterious veil was thus thrown over the catastrophe. This valet, who was left-handed, was found in the fourth apartment from the sleeping-room, with a razor in his left hand, which proved that he had cut his own throat. The Duke was asleep, and was aroused during the night by a blow on his head; while half awake, he received a second, which produced a frightful loss of blood. The Duke saw in a mirror, hanging on the opposite wall, an uplifted sabre raised to strike him; he tried to seize it with his hands, and wounded his fingers fearfully with the sharp instrument. The Duke then leaped out of bed to pursue the murderer and arouse his servants, who slept two rooms off. While trying to do this, he was repeatedly wounded with the sabre, and must have succumbed, had not the blows frequently been arrested by the doors in the darkness. The Duke soon after lost his senses, which was very natural, after his great loss of blood; and his servants, who hurried up at the disturbance, hastened to send for the doctors. The Duke was on the same day removed to Carlton House, where he lay in a dangerous state for several weeks. According to the opinion of the physicians, the Duke had only to thank his powerful constitution for his escape, and few mortals would have recovered. The Duke frequently told me that his nervous system was so fearfully shaken, that he could not endure the slightest noise. He was unable to bear the scratching of a pen, and always shrieked if any one touched the bed-clothes."

In 1815 the Duke of Cumberland espoused the widow of Prince William of Salm-Braunfels, a sister of Queen Louise of Prussia. As his family was not pleased with the match, he avoided England for a lengthened period, and resided in Berlin. But if any great measure were coming on in Parliament, such as Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, &c., he would hurry over to make use of his influence at Court. The natural result was, that the old accusations were again brought up against him and increased. In one matter he was perhaps justly blamed: when there was a prospect of the crown devolving on the Princess Victoria, the Orange Lodges wished to make Ernest Augustus successor to the throne. He was the Grand Master of these Lodges, and this posi-

tion cast a serious suspicion upon him, and entailed a severe reprimand from Parliament. Herr von Mallortie, however, assures us that the Duke was an utter stranger to these intrigues, in which his name was used without his sanction.

In 1837 he assumed the government of Hanover, and all our readers will remember what a storm in a washing-basin he produced by revoking the Constitution of 1833. He declared it invalid, because he had not given his assent as agnate. As the Germanic Confederation, to which the estates of Hanover appealed, declared itself incompetent, the good fight of the Hanoverians for their rights had no result. Still the King was tolerably popular, and it was a great thing in his favour that he was the first King for more than a century who did not simultaneously reign over England. The interests of the Hanoverians were no longer subordinated to those of the English, and Hanover once again became a "Residenz." The King's good points were discovered, and most people were delighted at his bluntness, because it was generally directed against the arrogant nobility. Hundreds of stories are current about this in Hanover, but Herr von Mallortie is much too courteous to transcribe more than three. Still, they will serve to establish our position.

The King thought proper to appoint the daughter of a meritorious officer nun in one of the convents. The Abbess was not satisfied with the choice, and wrote a letter of protest to the King, in which, however, she produced no facts, but merely appealed to rumour. The King, who thought it unjust to expose a young lady's reputation in this way, determined to punish the Abbess for her lack of charity in his own sarcastic fashion. He wrote her a letter, in which he showed the dangers of listening to rumour and vague accusations, which might be employed against anybody; and concluded his sermon with the remark, "What would you say, my Lady Abbess, if the rumour were spread about you, that in former years you were delivered of twins? still, I should only be inclined to believe one-half." This letter was sent by express at a late hour to the convent, and we can easily conceive what a fright the Abbess was in at receiving a royal dispatch at such an hour. Still, respect compelled her to open the letter at once, in the presence of all the conventional ladies. We need not describe her surprise at the contents, but merely say that the King was perfectly satisfied with the result of his correspondence.

When Deichmann, the aged sexton of the Palace Chapel, a person well known in the city, expired, and the Minister informed the King of the fact at dinner, the latter asked, "And whom do you propose for the vacancy?" The Minister replied, that he could not decide that, but first must ask the opinion of the ecclesiastical authorities, as the situation would have to be given to some one belonging to the minor clergy. The King answered, with excessive sarcasm, that he did not see it, and that he would settle the matter himself by giving the appointment to a musician in his Garde-du-Corps. The Minister was horrified; but for all that, on the next day, a bugler of that regiment was appointed sexton. We are bound to add, that this person had formerly been at the schoolmaster's seminary, and his great talent as musician had caused his enlistment in the Guards' band. Another time the King read in the papers that a postmaster of Celle, a worthy old man whom the King had spoken with on his frequent journeys, had celebrated his jubilee, and the Finance Minister had sent him fifty louis-d'or on the occasion. The King

was greatly surprised, and asked the Minister how it was he had not been informed of the jubilee and the money present, which he would not have sanctioned, as he considered it most improper to give any one fifty louis-d'or for fifty years' faithful service. The Minister excused himself by saying that the matter had appeared to him too insignificant to trouble his Majesty with, but the King replied: "For the faithful servant it is not insignificant to have served his King honestly for fifty years: I will prove to the man that his King attaches value to it, and will send him this very day the Chevalier Cross of the Guelphic Order." The King at once gave orders to that effect; and when the postmaster came to express his gratitude, the King made him stay to dinner, and the Minister was obliged to be present. Here our authority breaks down, and we are compelled to supplement our information about the King from other sources.

His daily life was most regular and monotonous: after saying his prayers, he left his bed at eight o'clock, and finished dressing by ten. From that time he granted audience to his Ministers, and usually rode out between one and two o'clock. At five dinner was served, and after it, during summer, he would ride or drive out; while in the evening a game of whist was played. During the King's later years his habits were changed to this extent, that he left his bed at a later hour, dined alone at two o'clock, but always made his appearance at the Court dinner, and after a few hours devoted to business, met a small party of ladies and gentlemen at the tea-table. The game at whist was entirely given up toward the end, and this probably was occasioned by his weak eyesight, for it is certain that, after his return from England in 1843, his sight grew daily worse. An occupation that cost the King much time, was his extensive correspondence with many persons, especially in England, to which country a great number of letters were expedited twice a week. During the last few years of his life the King dictated his letters, as writing affected his sight; he had a great talent in this, and in important letters, especially English and French, he displayed an admirable logical sequence. The King was not so well versed in German: he was frequently coarse in his expressions, and purposely comical: but his letters were always to the point, and the cleverness of the man could ever be traced in them when the subject of the letter interested him. He was indefatigable; he could work for six hours at a stretch, and remain perfectly fresh, when the writer might be completely exhausted. The King was extremely punctual in answering letters: no private letter was left unnoticed, for he considered this a mark of good breeding. He had great pleasure in receiving letters, and awaited the arrival of the post with extreme impatience, for his active mind incessantly required fresh pabulum.

Each Wednesday he was accessible to all persons, and listened to every prayer and every complaint. All were most graciously treated, and felt delighted at the pleasant way in which the King inquired into the slightest details, and displayed the most thorough knowledge of the matters under discussion. Every petition was either read by the King or to him, and sent by him to the proper authorities for a report. Nor must we omit to mention the King's purely religious feelings: as long as his health permitted it he regularly attended the service in the Castle Chapel, or the private Anglican service in his Palace. He paid the highest reverence to the pure teaching of Christ, but all sectarianism and pietism disgusted him. "Do you not think, Superin-

tendent-General," the King once said, "that the old belief of our fathers and of our youth, free from all hypocritical observance, and subsisting without tracts and hole-and-corner prayers, was a glorious faith?" There has rarely been a King who demanded such sacrifices from his suite as did Ernest Augustus, and yet he possessed the magic power of en chaining all those who understood him. His great originality, his sharp sense, and general mental superiority, were the qualities in this Nestor of German Princes, which must everywhere meet with recognition, and cause much to be overlooked. His personal servants, above all, had a hard time of it; but they respected him, and although badly requited—regard being had to their duties, which during the last years went on day and night—they performed them with indefatigable zeal. The King spoke but little with his surroundings: no one dared to offer him a petition, or if he did so, he was at once referred to the proper authorities. For all that, though, the late King of Hanover was beloved by all who came in personal contact with him.

We fear that our honest account will offer a great shock to English radicals; but we cannot help it. We may be friends of Plato, that is, of liberal reform; but, at the same time, we are greater friends of truth, and we have told it in these columns of a much maligned man. Possibly, the King's indiscreet remark to Von Humboldt, that his professors were like ladies of easy virtue, who bestowed their favours on the highest bidder, may explain much of his unpopularity among the German liberals.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Self-Divorced; or, The School for Wives.* By Captain Curling, Author of *The Soldier of Fortune*. (Tinsley.) Among the many crude, ill-conditioned works of fiction which it has been our misfortune to peruse in our capacity of reviewers, we have met with few that for inanity of design and feebleness of execution can compare with the two attractively-bound volumes now before us. Some evil influence must assuredly have been tampering with Captain Curling's pen; for it is scarcely conceivable that a writer whose previous production gave such a high promise of excellence, could have sat down in his sober senses and deliberately perpetrated such a literary enormity as *The Self-Divorced*. It would be a sore puzzle, we imagine, even to one of Captain Curling's most enthusiastic admirers—not excepting the gentleman whose name figures in the dedicatory preface—albeit, as we are there informed, "his whole life is passed in alleviating the woes of others"—to discover a single redeeming feature in the whole of this singularly purposeless story. The characters are overdrawn, and as much unlike human flesh and blood as could well be imagined; the plot is overstrained and unnatural; and the dialogue generally is so painfully pointless and desultory as to render the not unfrequent introduction of the *argot* of the prize-ring comparatively fresh and piquant. After unravelling to the best of our ability the tissue of singular coincidences and startling improbabilities of which the story is composed, we are enabled to present our readers with the following *résumé* of the incidents. The hero is a middle-aged but highly-gifted gentleman of the aristocratic name and lineage of Montmorency, who in early life had been a soldier, but, on arriving at years of discretion, abandoned the sword for the ledger, and set up for a millionaire. Unfortunately, however, for his

domestic peace, he is afflicted with a nagging and extravagant wife, and three nagging and extravagant stepdaughters, by whom he is most grievously hen-pecked and otherwise maltreated in mind, body, and purse. In a happy moment the *Deus ex machina*, in the shape of an unexpected bankruptcy, offers him an escape from his tormentors. Leaving his wife and encumbrances to their own devices, and the enjoyment of a jointure of £2000 a year, he gives himself out to be dead, and sets himself resolutely to work to retrieve his shattered fortunes. Being a skilled musician, a brilliant writer, and a most scientific boxer, it might have been supposed that he might have rendered his surpassing talents available in any of these lucrative professions; but Mr. Montmorency is made of sterner stuff, and casting his qualifications to the winds, determines to make his own way in another and more arduous occupation. He accordingly purchases a broom, and disguising himself in a wig and black patch, commences life again as a crossing-sweeper. Subsequently he is promoted to the dignity of a costermonger, and eventually of nigger-melodist; but the multifarious nature of his professional avocations does not prevent him finding leisure to indite a fashionable novel, and make the acquaintance of a fair fellow lodger, who subsequently turns out to be the daughter of a certain Sir Cloudesly Hardcastle, and the wife of one Captain Carnagie—the stage villain of the story—who has been separated from her for some time, but who is now attempting to discover her whereabouts, in the hopes of obtaining possession of her little daughter, and thus intimidating her into supplying him with funds. Mr. Montmorency, in the exercise of his peripatetic calling, comes across the above-mentioned Captain; and, by one of these singular coincidences familiar to novel-writers, having been admitted into that worthy's confidence, learns the whole of his design, and like a true hero of romance, at once proceeds to counteract it. He is of course successful, and after going through many surprising adventures, has the gratification of restoring the child to the mother, and reconciling the latter to her aristocratic father, Sir Cloudesly. Having accomplished all that could be expected of him, our hero, at the outbreak of the Russian war, again enters the army, and after having served through the Crimean campaign, returns home "lord of a medal and nothing besides," and betakes himself to his old occupation of crossing-sweeping. While thus employed, in the vicinity of Hanover Square, a wedding *cortége* passes by, the principals in which he finds on inquiry are no other than his own wife and the Duke de Montdier, who turns out to be our old friend and villain Captain Carnagie. Our hero rushes up to the altar, and throwing off his disguise of broom, patch, and wig, interrupts the interesting ceremony, giving the pseudo-duke a hint to vanish—of which it is needless to say he forthwith avail himself. The expectant bride, in her disappointment at having lost the coveted coronet, returns home and takes poison; but discovering immediately afterwards from a letter that her husband had succeeded to an earldom through the death of a relative, thinks better of the rash act and rings for the stomach-pump. The shock, however, is too much for her system. She rallies for a few days and then dies, to the great relief of both reader and husband. From this point there is a straight run to the finish. The villain Captain falls into the hands of the police, and makes away with himself, thus removing the only obstacle to the climax of this melodramatic chain of incidents—the marriage of

his widow with the new Earl of Seatonville, guardsman, millionaire, crossing-sweeper, costermonger, novelist, nigger-minstrel, private soldier, and general hero. From the above meagre outline, in which we can conscientiously inform our readers not a single incident has been wittingly exaggerated, a sufficient idea may be formed of the merits of this most extraordinary work. For one thing only are we deeply grateful to the author, viz. that he has closed his incomprehensible narrative at the end of Vol. II., and spared his readers—if such can be found—the infliction of the conventional proportions of the Minerva Press. One word in conclusion: the amount paid by the fashionable publisher for the copyright of Mr. Montmorency's successful novel, *The Broomstick, the Banjo, and the Bad Wife*, was £20. If Messrs. Tinsley Brothers have not obtained *The Self-Divorced* on easier terms, we must be pardoned for remarking that they have scarcely displayed their usual *acumen* in the negotiation.

*Leila Marston.* By Sydney Ellis. (Saunders and Otley.) This tale is simple enough. Without a mother, and a mere school-girl, the heroine was left to the care of a father, who, having married again, and made a *mésalliance*, neglected Leila and her brother for his second wife and family. Her brother dying, she marries Colonel St. John, a man treble her own age, and towards whom she had hitherto felt almost as a daughter. Of course there is a want of congeniality in their dispositions, and not finding herself "an old man's darling," but in fact rather the opposite occasionally, it is very natural she should appreciate and return the friendship of Sir Edward Corbyn—a handsome and talented man, a friend of her husband, and unluckily just the sort of person she found she ought to have married instead of the Colonel. The most honourable intentions on both sides were in a fair way for becoming fatal to the peace of all concerned, when death stepped in to save our heroine from almost certain disgrace, and place her lover upon a bed of dangerous illness, from which he "never fully recovered." The Colonel soon subsides again into his old bachelor habits, and "rarely smiles," which is the last we hear of him. We are told that this story is written to advance a moral—if so, it is badly constructed for the purpose—the sympathy excited throughout for the unfortunate heroine leaving the abstract lesson at the end without much force. A clergyman is supposed to be the writer, and he certainly ought to be qualified for the task of administering a moral forcibly, as he tells us on one occasion he could have flung his book from the reading-desk at the heads of some people in church who were misbehaving themselves. The ladies will perhaps admire this work when they read the following apostrophe of the reverend author:—

"Women of England, as a body, then, I say, shake off your slanderous, gossiping, malignant mode of speaking of each other and of us. . . . Have you never stolen the good name and fair reputation of an acquaintance, Madam? Have you never murdered the character or credit of a friend, Madam?"

*Hills and Plains.* Two Vols. (Smith and Elder.) This is a sneering, merciless book, but decidedly clever. The style is a very close, and by no means unsuccessful, imitation of that of Mr. Thackeray. But the story, such as it is, is quite original; and as the scene is laid in India, the writer has had the advantage of comparatively new ground; for, much as has been written about jungles and tigers, campaigns and mutinies, the social condition of

our countrymen in the East has received but little attention. The plot is exceedingly meagre, but it is, we believe, realistic to be negligent in this particular, and the pupil cannot be said to have deviated from the practice of his master. The hero is a foolish young civilian who marries a pretty girl in a hurry, and finds out at his leisure that she does not care about him. This young lady, whose name is Flora, goes to the hills shortly after her marriage for her health, being sick—of her husband. Arrived there, she demeans herself in a manner which causes scandal, and though really innocent as far as actions go, acquires an unenviable reputation. This fact, communicated to her husband in the plains at a moment when his creditors are more than usually pressing, and sour admonitions from the higher powers are bringing painfully to his notice what the author had previously informed us—that he was no Solomon—induces an attack of fever, which he aggravates by smoking and drinking. He lies at death's door. Then his wife hurries to his side, and having met with no return from the gentleman to whom she wished to transfer her affections, determines to repent. Her husband recovers, they are reconciled, and we, apparently, are wished to believe that they live happily afterwards; though as the gentleman does not improve in intellect, and the lady only salves over her heartlessness with a morbid display of unfelt piety, it is difficult to conceive upon what better foundation their second attempt at conubial bliss was founded than their first. The rise, progress, and decline of this misunderstanding between the two, forms the backbone of the narrative; the underplot consisting of some trifling difficulties in marrying off two sisters of the hero, who reside in the hills. It may well, then, be inquired, In what can consist the interest of the novel? The answer to this is, that the book is worth reading because it is clever. The sneering is very neatly put; the characters are described and discriminated with considerable skill; the style is always witty, and, in places, graphic: the sketch, for example, of Beauclerk Cottage, in the mountains, combines singular accuracy with a large portion of picturesqueness. Nor is the representation of Indian life altogether a false one: it is as faithful as a representation of any society, written in that spirit, can be. Were it possible to portray, accurately, any body of human beings without the assistance of sentiment and idealism, the author, with pains, might become a trustworthy delineator. But such, happily, not being the case, till he changes his mood, he will never produce anything better than a photograph taken in very bad light. All the male characters, without exception, are second-rate, or disagreeable, or prodigal, or abandoned. The females are better, but they are insipid creatures; and the only one with any claim to intellect and principle is described as unusually plain: such being the device by which alone, in this instance, the author thought he could escape from his bugbear—idealism. The mixed nature of human beings is at once the stumbling-block of the artist and the despair of the moral philosopher. For whilst nothing short of genius can depict man's highest aspirations and the august sentiments of which he is capable, the boldest may well shrink from unveiling those lower instincts, where his capability of sin give him an advantage in degradation over the beast. To suggest mean and unworthy motives for almost every human action, to point out in our noblest emotions those physical conditions with which they are clogged, is called stripping society of its mask, describing men as they are, and so forth. But the real truth is, no one dare describe

the lower part of our nature as it really is. The writers of the present day, who profess to lay bare society, not only fail because their theory of human character is incorrect, but because, having insisted so much on the predominance of the bad, they shrink at last from depicting it. Society will not allow the veil to be wholly withdrawn. When Swift ventures on his Yahoo, there is a general cry of "Shame;" we reject the picture with scorn, and retaliate on the painter with severity. And yet divest man of his sentiments and his emotions, and the malignant fable only too truly represents all that is left. We disagree, then, with the sneering, unworthy, and inadequate views of life propounded by the school of which the author before us is so industrious a scholar, but we are bound to say his two volumes are piquant reading. They would be far better than the general run of novels, were it only for the fact that they preserve grammar and sense throughout.

"In these modern days, broken hearts can be as cleverly cemented as broken china, and the man who invests in the damaged article very often leads a long and contented life without discovering the flaw."

If this kind of thing is to be said at all, it is well to put it so compactly. The dreadful insensible death often terminating fever is thus described:—

"Hurled suddenly down by his malady from the highest to the lowest grade of animal creation, he was perishing with less sensation or cognizance of change than the sea-anemone feels when left behind by the treacherous tide to fade and shrink on the fast-drying sand."

These scraps—and they are fair specimens of the style of the book—do not strike us as the workmanship of an unpractised hand, but we are unaware whether we have perused any other work of the same writer. The Hindostance phrases injudiciously introduced here and there will prove a source of annoyance to the general reader; nor can we approve the system of nomenclature which has directed the baptism of the characters. Hera the writer might with advantage have followed more closely the example of his favourite master. Nothing can be more delicate than the skill with which Mr. Thackeray composes his proper names. But in *Hills and Plains*, when the oriental disguise is removed, we meet with such sad platitudes as Mr. Witless, a judge, Dr. Bone, a surgeon, Mr. Envelope, a secretary, and more of the kind. These smack of the workshop of Mr. Samuel Warren, to whom the happy thought is due of sily satirizing an attorney by dubbing him "Oily Gammon." But the sum of the matter is that, despite all faults, this Indian novel is worth reading because it is not dull.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Underground London.* By John Hollingshead. (Groombridge and Sons.) Mr. Hollingshead is essentially a popular writer. There is a piquant and gossipping freshness about his style and manner which irresistibly communicates itself to the reader, and invests with an air of novelty and interest the most commonplace and uninviting subjects. We are by no means satisfied that Mr. Hollingshead could not render even a Parliamentary Blue-Book pleasant reading, for assuredly this would be no very extraordinary feat for a writer who has smoothed over the stubborn asperities of facts and figures, dallied playfully with surveyor's statistics, and revelled in the romance of gas-companies and sewers'

commissioners. Mr. Hollingshead's original, inquiring, and peculiarly practical turn of mind is strongly displayed in his sketches of *Underground London*. Abjuring as unsatisfactory and insufficient the second-hand information of blue-books, pamphlets, reports, and even the proffered aid of friendly sewer-engineers and obliging secretaries, he determined to convince himself by ocular inspection of the state of the nether world of London and accordingly made preparations for a "long, slopy, mudlarky survey" among these unsavoury regions. The authorities, on being applied to, obligingly placed at his disposal a free passage through any of their Tartarean dominions. They had blood-sewers—a delicate article—running underneath the meat-markets—boiling-sewers, where the steam forced its way through the gratings in the roadways, like the vapour from the hot-springs of Iceland—"and where the sewer-cleansers got something very like a Turkish bath at the expense of the ratepayers,"—sewers of every style of subterranean architecture—egg-shaped, barrel-shaped, arched and square—sewers of every degree of repulsiveness, such as those where manufacturing chemists and soap and candle-makers most do congregate—open rural sewers fruitful in watercresses, and closed town sewers, with roof covered with a luxuriant growth of "edible fungi." After considerable hesitation amid this *embarras de richesses*, our enterprising author finally selected the King's Scholars sewer, and actually explored the whole extent of this modern *cloaca maxima* from the Finchley Road down to its outlet into the Thames a little above Vauxhall Bridge! This achievement confessedly places beyond cavil Mr. Hollingshead's claim to be heard as an authority on matters connected with Underground London; and the enthusiasm with which he discourses upon the various wonders of this mysterious region proves satisfactorily that his unique opportunities have not been thrown away. He enters largely into the "gossip" and "history" of the sewers—linger lovingly over the old legend, and tracing the courses of indistinct channels and time-honoured sluices with an affectionate regret such as a paleontologist might display over an obliterated palimpsest. Our author devotes comparatively little space to his account of the gas-arteries of the metropolis and underground railways, regarding them probably as modern innovations unworthy of the attention of the sewer-ologist. Nevertheless, under the heading of the "Genii of the Lamp" we have a very interesting account on the gas-supply, from its first introduction into Pall Mall, by Mr. Winsor, in 1807, down to the present day. Among other curious statistics of gas and gas-companies, Mr. Hollingshead calculates the length of the gas-pipes in Underground London to be upwards of 2200 miles, and upwards of 8000 miles of house-service-pipes. The total number of London street lamps supplied with gas is 37,728, the average distance from each other being seventy-five yards. Mr. Hollingshead throughout has devoted especial attention to statistics, which are apparently very carefully compiled and neatly arranged in tabular forms. To a large class of readers these will doubtless not be the least interesting features of *Underground London*.

*The A B C of Thought.* By the Rev. W. G. Davies. (Williams and Norgate.) The student of logic and psychology will find much valuable assistance in this unpretending little volume. Mr. Davies certainly possesses to a very remarkable degree that most important qualification of the instructor—clearness and lucidity of expression; for even in the few instances where he has failed in conveying his exact meaning, the failure may be fairly ascribed to the necessary conciseness of style entailed by the attempt to embrace such a wide field of inquiry in the narrow compass of a hundred and forty-four pages. Notwithstanding, however, the suggestive character of the title-page, we must caution the neophyte in these studies against expecting a purely elementary treatise; for a very considerable proportion of Mr. Davies's commentary will be in a great measure unintelligible to the reader who has not made some slight previous acquaintance with the more elaborate works of Mr. J. S. Mill and Sir William Hamilton, or at least with the technical nomenclature employed by these emi-

uent authorities. To those, however, who have progressed thus far, this little volume will be of material service as a pioneer to a more advanced course of study. Its imperfections are few and far between; and these, we feel assured, are more the result of haste than of incapacity. To cite a single example. While attempting to refute the Idealistic theory that the *essence* of the external world is *perception*, he remarks:—"The question to be decided is *not* whether any object *do exist* in an unknown condition; but whether it *be possible* for it so to exist? Reason concludes that it *is possible*; and that the world existed *ages* before man first trod on its surface, and realized to himself its varied and wondrous existence." Surely the most thorough-going Idealist would never attempt to controvert such a self-evident proposition. Mr. Davies apparently forgets that "man" and "perceiving being" are not convertible terms.

*International Policy.* By Philip James Bailey, Author of *Festus*. (Saunders and Otley.) The author of *Festus* has come out in a new character. He has abandoned verse-making and taken to book-making. It must necessarily be a difficult task for a mind that has once been under the influence of the divine afflatus to descend to the level of ordinary prose, and we must therefore not be surprised to find, in Mr. Bailey's flirtation with the matter-of-fact muse of history, a few occasional traces of the allegiance he formerly owned to her more airy and fanciful sister. It is very possible that Mr. Bailey may have a most profound acquaintance with international policy in all its bearings, but the most complaisant critic could scarcely venture to assert that he possessed the art of communicating his knowledge. The majority of his facts are unquestionably true, but then unfortunately they are not new, and it is at best but an unsatisfactory process to wade through some two hundred and seventy pages of such a dry subject as *International Policy*, and find ourselves at the conclusion no further advanced than when we first dipped into the preface. Mr. Bailey's preface, indeed, is sufficient in itself to deter any one, save the most adventurous and determined reader, from any further advance. We scarcely ever remember coming across a more knotty bit of reading. Its ponderously long sentences, overlaid with ponderously long words and magniloquent metaphors, would be sufficient, we should imagine, to baffle the most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Bailey who ever forced his way through the heaviest page of *Festus*. Nor are certain passages in the work itself much more comprehensible. We are told, in the first page that the permanence of Austria "as a leading Power is apparently and simply (*sic!*) a beneficial necessity." That with the Prussians, albeit "tolerant almost to a fault, and temperate nearly to excess, their creed is nullified neither by a gloomy egotism nor a fervid fanaticism." Again, that "Rome, the representative of the Scythia and Sarmatia of antiquity, the type of irresponsible power, the symbol and signification of national despotism, is naturally distinguished by a policy selfish and saturnine, and, in its application, all but monotonously successful" &c., &c. The good taste of some of Mr. Bailey's more intelligible passages is certainly open to question. What would the author of the paper on "Fine English," which appeared some months ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*, have said to the following specimen? Mr. Bailey is commenting on the principle of non-intervention professed by Great Britain in the recent position of Italian affairs, and, after remarking that our promise of moral assistance to the Italian cause was interpreted to mean the "moral aid of Volunteer forces, of which the Government were supposed not to know," proceeds: "However impressive may be the effect under the most solemn circumstances of 'winking Virgins,' it cannot be denied that this must have been at least rivalled in the emphatic operations performed by the nititating membranes of certain official dignitaries at that time in our House of Commons." If Mr. Bailey cannot write on a serious subject without indulging in such literary buffoonery as this, we would frankly advise him to abandon politics, and take to "funny" writing forthwith.

*Little Maggie and her Brother.* By Mrs. George

Hooper. (Bell and Daldy.) This is a simple tale, designed for simple little readers, and will not be the less welcome because it is a truthful history of the sayings and doings of a little boy and girl. "Maggie" and "Wyn," of the respective ages of five and six, play the part of heroine and hero, and the history of their adventures and wanderings, and other juvenile experiences, will doubtless afford an unfailing fund of entertainment to many a happy group gathered round the nursery fireside this coming Christmas.

*Cavaliers and Roundheads.* By John G. Edgar. (Bell and Daldy.) This is an excellent little book, containing both instruction and entertainment in Mr. Edgar's happiest manner, and will doubtless be eagerly welcomed by the numerous youthful readers of *The Boyhood of Great Men*, and *Sea Kings and Naval Heroes*. Of the legion of writers who profess to supply intellectual pabulum for the edification and amusement of the juvenile world, no one is better known, or more generally appreciated, than Mr. John Edgar, and his present volume will certainly not detract from his well-deserved reputation. The stories of the *Cavaliers and Roundheads* are exceedingly well told, and cannot fail to convey to the youthful reader a very good general impression of the leading events of this eventful period of our history, albeit Mr. Edgar, in spite of his protestations of impartiality, does not quite succeed in concealing his prepossessions in favour of the Royalists. The volume contains sixty stories, from the rise of Buckingham to the Restoration, which, together, form a continuous history of the Civil War. The illustrations are in keeping, and exceedingly well executed, and the volume will make an appropriate Christmas present for boys.

*Among the Tartar Tents; or, The Lost Fathers.* A Tale. By Ann Bowman. (Bell and Daldy.) If the quality of article supplied afford any adequate criterion of the character of the demand, it would seem, judging from description of literature purveyed for the delectation of youthful minds, that even this practical age has exercised but little influence towards repressing the love for the marvellous in the rising generation. Highly-spiced narratives of astounding adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and perilous vicissitudes by flood and field, in which an embryo hero from six to sixteen years of age usually plays a prominent part, may be accepted as the general type of this class of literature; and, doubtless, so long as the writers keep within the limits of probability, or even possibility, their youthful critics will not, as a rule, be found too exigent on the score of artistic merit. A boy's credulity in such matters is tolerably elastic, and so long as the incidents of a story do not outrage his common-sense, he will be content to waive the question of anterior probability, in consideration of the amusement afforded by the recital. But even the faith of a child has its limit. His sensitive nature is keenly alive to any attempt at what he may consider imposition, and will instinctively revolt from a narrative wherein the incidents transcend even Coleridge's fine-drawn distinction between the "unimaginable" and the "inconceivable." And this is the case with the volume now before us. If Miss or Mrs. Ann Bowman—for the title-page leaves us in an awkward dilemma as to the fitting affix—really expects that any boy into whose hands her book may fall will succeed in wading through the tissue of preposterous impossibilities which she offers as a true sketch of life *Among the Tartar Tents*, all we can say is that her notion of the strength of juvenile perseverance and the elasticity of juvenile credulity is widely different from ours. Apart from this question, however, the story is altogether unsatisfactory from another point of view. Its absurdity has not even the merit of originality: one adventure is so extremely like another, one man-slaying or tiger-slaying episode bears such a strong family resemblance to its neighbour, that a single description in each case would have sufficed to all intents and purposes. He who has read half-a-dozen chapters has read all. If the authoress of *Among the Tartar Tents* would turn her attention to the transpontine drama or the cheap sensation-romance line of business, her adventurous imagination might possibly stand her in good stead; but unless she can improve

upon her latest production, we would frankly advise her once and for ever to abandon the entertaining-cum-instructive class of literature.

*Miscellaneous Poems.* By John Critchley Prince. (Simpkin and Marshall.) Mr. Prince aspires to represent "The Poetry of Poverty," and as far as intelligence, simplicity, and a certain degree of poetic feeling tells in his favour, seems to be a worthy candidate for that honour. As non-electors, we can only cheer him, which we do heartily, considering that the poetic level upon which he walks entitles him to the fullest confidence of his constituents, to whom he will always be comprehensible and improving, for he sings

"A little song of cheerfulness to make their labours light;  
A strain to open out their souls, and make them think  
right."

There are many passages which provoke a smile, but more that are sensible and excellent in their way. It is not poetry of the highest order; but in their simple fashion many of the pieces, such as "The Beggar Boy" and "The Flower of the Household," are exceedingly pretty.

#### BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Adams (W. and H. C.) Tales of Charlton School, new edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Routledge.  
Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, 1862, 6s. Simpkin.  
Almaud (G.), Tiger Slayer, a Tale of the Indian Desert, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Ward and Lock.  
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Groombridge.  
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Buck (It.), How Charlie Helped his Mother, 18mo, 1s. 6d. Christian Knowledge Society.  
Bullock (C.), The Syrian Leper, a Chapter of Bible History Expounded, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Wertheim.  
Bymoun's Pilgrim's Progress and other Works, Memoir by Cheever, 4to, illustrated, 30s. Mackenzie.  
Bushman (H.), Nature and the Supernatural, new edition, post Svo, 3s. 6d. Low.  
Carter (T.), Medals of the British Army, vol. iii., India, Svo, 7s. 6d. Groombridge.  
Cassell's Illustrated History of England, vol. ii., new series, 4s. 6d.  
Charlotte (E. G.), Ministry of the Bible, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Wertheim.  
Copely (E.), Complete Cottage Cookery, twelfth edition, 18mo, 1s. Groombridge.  
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Daybreak or Right Struggling and Triumphant, by Cyclo, 18mo, 2s. 6d. Nisbet.  
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Landells (W.), Path of Life, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Nisbet.  
Ladies' Treasury, vol. v., royal Svo, 7s. 6d. Ward and Lock.  
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 Moore (Daniel), *Christian Consolation*, new edition, 12mo, 5s. Kirby.  
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 Pasquali (C.), *Plea for the Italian Cause*, 8vo, 2s. Williams and Norgate.  
 Penley (A.), *English School of Painting in Water Colours*, folio, £4. 4s. Day.  
 Pepper (J. H.), *Boy's Play Book of Science*, new edition, 12mo, 6s. Routledge.  
 Petersdorff's Concise Practical Abridgment of Common and Statute Law, second edition, vol. ii., royal 8vo, 30s. Simpkin.  
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 Power (W. B.), *Scripture Night Lights*, 18mo, 1s. 6d. Wertheim.  
 Present Heaven, by Author of "Patience of Hope," second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Hamilton.  
 Quaritch's Military Library: Hartley (G. W.), *Handy-Book for Rifle Volunteers*, 2s.  
 Quaritch's Military Library: Stuart (H. B.), *History of Infantry*, 2s.  
 Riddles in Rhyme, Enigmas, Charades, &c., edited by Fulcher, 18mo, 3s. 6d. Hogg.  
 Shakspere's Household Words, illuminated by Stanaway, new edition, 9s. Griffith and Farran.  
 Shilling Standard Library: Poe (E. A.), *Wonderful Adventures of E. Gordon Pym*, 12mo, 1s.  
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 Shelton (E.), *Historical Finger-post*, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Lockwood.  
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 Smith (J. W.), Selections, Leading Cases in Various Branches of the Law, fifth edition, 2 vols., royal 8vo, 63s. Maxwell Southgate (H.), *Many Thoughts of Many Minds*, third edition, 12s. 6d. Griffin.  
 Stephens (A. S.), *Mary Derwent, a Tale of Early Settlers*, 12s. Beadle.  
 Stone (S.), *Judges' Manual*, ninth edition, 12mo, 16s. Shaw and Sons.  
 Tapp (W.), *Inquiry into Law of Maintenance and Chancery*, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Stevens.  
 Taylor (W. E.), *Mighty Through God, Some Account of Extraordinary Labours of Mr. George Müller*, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Wertheim.  
 Thibb (John), *Illustrated Book of Wonders, Events, and Discoveries*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Dean.  
 Thomas (W. Moy), *When the Snow Falls*, new edition, post 8vo, 6s. Low.  
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 Twining (Eliza), *Readings for Mothers' Meetings*, 12mo, 2s. Wertheim.  
 United States and Canada, as Seen by Two Brothers, 1838 and 1861, 12mo, 4s. Stanford.  
 Vacher's Pocket Digest of Stamp Duties, fifth edition, 12mo, 5s. Vacher.  
 Vandenhoff (G.), *Art of Elocution*, third edition, 12mo, 5s. Low.  
 Vaughan (C. J.), *Lessons of Life and Godliness*, Sermons, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Macmillan.  
 Weale's Engineer, Architect, and Contractor's Pocket Book, 1862, 6s. Lockwood.  
 Williams (A.), *Home Sermons*, each six minutes long, new edition, 12mo, 5s. Kirby.  
 Wright (T.), *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiment of England during Middle Ages*, 8vo, 21s. Chapman and Hall.

#### EXHIBITION OF EARLY-PRINTED BOOKS AT THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On account of the great success of their special exhibitions of the last season, this Society has determined to hold exhibitions of the same nature during the present session also. The first of these commenced on the evening of Thursday, the 12th inst., and consisted of very fine and interesting series of books, showing very completely the rise and progress of the art of printing in Europe from the earliest times. The Society have exercised much discretion in their choice of the particular subject for their exhibition, as it forms a very fitting sequence to the very splendid display of illuminated manuscripts which attracted such crowds to Somerset House in June last.

Many Fellows and friends of the Society have contributed very choice examples of the art of typography for the inspection of the visitors to this exhibition. With his usual liberality and eager desire to promote everything which might conduce to the spread of knowledge and the furtherance of the arts, his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort had sent some of the treasures from the library at Windsor to enrich the collection. Among the other contributors were Mr. Tite (vice-president), M. Libri, Mr.

Slade, Mr. Francis Fry, Mr. Fuller Russell, Mr. Pritchett, and Mr. Boone. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge, also contributed specimens.

On the evening of the exhibition, a paper was read by Mr. Tite, who, as Vice-President, occupied the chair, on "The Rise and Progress of the Art of Printing." It is difficult to conceive how any one could have the face to presume so far upon his position as to trespass on the time and attention of such a society with a production such as that with which the above-named gentleman treated the Fellows and their friends. Wearisome in its prolixity, astounding from its want of research, and offensive in its egotism, it had not even, except in this last peculiarity, the merit of originality, but was just the sort of essay which might have been expected from a small school-boy having access to Dibdin and the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, and ordered to fill up so many sheets of paper for a Saturday theme. Old and exploded theories were solemnly enunciated, new facts and discoveries unnoticed, and, worst of all, not a syllable of explanation was uttered as to the peculiarities or value of any of the specimens brought together, excepting those which the worthy gentleman contributed himself. The unavoidable absence of the accomplished Director was never more keenly felt by the Society, and the faces of many Fellows visibly lengthened as they listened to a paper hardly ever equalled, even with those walls, for dreary platitudine. It is useless, while such proceedings as these can be permitted, to talk of the regeneration or revival of this Society. Men of ability and knowledge will avoid its benches if they are condemned to hear pompous ignorance preaching from its high places.

We feel much reluctance in stating so freely our opinion in this matter; but the same feeling was so generally shared by those who were so unfortunate as to be present, that we consider it our duty to give it some expression, more especially as this is not the first occasion on which the same gentleman has been so unlucky as to expose himself in the same way.

The greatest object of attraction, and certainly the most interesting of the whole collection, was the fine original wood-block, from Lord Spencer's library at Althorp, of one of the series of pictures forming the "Block-book" known as "The Apocalypse of St. John." This most curious relic of the wood-engravers who were the pioneers of typography was accompanied by a copy of the volume of which its impression formed part, also contributed by Lord Spencer. This is, we believe, the first time that the block has ever left the library at Althorp. As a companion to this, we may mention the curious wood-block (exhibited by the Society) of the letters of the alphabet, with, beneath them, the monogram of Caxton—though whether this be a genuine relic of our great printer or not is hardly certain. Of similar curiosity were some single blocks of capital letters, exhibited by M. Libri. The edges of these were completely rounded, probably by the process of rubbing off copies—the method employed in multiplying impressions of the block-books before the press was used.

Of the block-books and impressions from single blocks, some fine specimens were exhibited. One of the most curious of these was one book relating to the discovery of Brazil. This curious work was contributed by M. Libri. It is the only copy of the only xylographic work on America known, and was probably printed at Augsburg in 1498. Of early German printed books the same gentleman has also lent a copy of a work of Thomas Aquinas, printed by Guttenberg in 1460, and a copy of Cicero, *De Officiis*, printed by Fust in 1465. This last is the first edition of the first printed Latin classic, and one of the two books in which Greek type was first used. Another curiosity also is the Boccaccio in German, exhibited by the same collector. This is the first volume printed with pagination, probably at Augsburg, about 1471. From the same collection is the copy of Breydenbach's *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, printed at Mentz in 1486. This is one of the first volumes of travels printed, and the earliest with folding views; and this, moreover, has the additional interest of being the largest copy of the work known. Here, too, we may mention the Psalter exhibited by the Prince Consort. This

beautiful volume was printed in 1457 by Fust and Schaeffer at Mentz. It is the first book printed with a date, the first printed Psalter, and the earliest example of colour-printing.

Other notable early specimens of the art in Germany are the *Itinerarium B. Marie Virginis*, with curious woodcuts, of about the date of 1470; the same gentleman's copy of Terence, printed at Strasburg, by J. Gruninger, 1496, and his splendid copy of the well-known *Nuremberg Chronicle*. Mr. Fry's most curious contributions are a copy of the *Etymologie S. Isidori*, printed by Gunther Zainer in 1472, the first instance of the use of Roman type in Germany, and a copy of the first Polish Bible printed at Cracow in 1561. Mr. Slade's *Polyglott Psalter*, printed at Cologne in 1518, is also well worth inspection, and would be more attractive still could its magnificent Grolier binding be exhibited. Mr. Boone's *German Bible*, printed at Wittenberg in 1541, will be noticed with interest, as on its covers are sentences written by the hand of, and signed by, Martin Luther.

These are but few of the many specimens of German typography exhibited, and will suffice to give an idea of the interest of the collection. Nor are the printers of other countries less fairly represented.

Of the earliest works which issued from the Italian press, exhibited in this collection, one of the most important and beautiful was the *Lactantius de M. Libri*, printed at Rome in 1468. This was the earliest book printed in that city. An interesting specimen from the same collection was *L'Assedio e Presa di Caffa per li Turchi*, Venice, 1475. This is one of the first Gazettes published at Venice, when the fear caused by the progress of the Turks was beginning to spread. The Italian books contributed by Mr. Slade were also noteworthy. Of these, the finest were a Psalter, in folio, printed at Milan, 1481, in Greek and Latin; a very beautiful volume, entitled *De Claris Mulieribus*, printed at Ferrara in 1497, and remarkable for the woodcut portraits with which it is in many instances decorated; a small work, entitled *Fioretti e Vanto de Poladini*, an unknown edition, with a curious wood-cut title-page, and a beautiful specimen of the work of Aldus; an Aristophanes, printed by him in 1498. Mr. E. G. Eardley has exhibited a very curious Dante, printed at Venice in 1491, and embellished with woodcuts; but this was eclipsed by a copy of the edition of the same author, printed at Florence in 1482, which makes the rare boast of being perfect. The Pliny, from the press of Nicolas Janson, Venice, 1472, is a beautiful volume, and merits attention for its carefully drawn tinted initials.

In French books generally, with the exception of the fine series of books of *Hours*, many of them of great beauty as well as rarity, exhibited by Mr. Tite, the collection is certainly weak. There are not many noticeable works besides a copy of *La Nef des Folz du Monde*, printed at Paris in 1492, exhibited by the same gentleman, and the first volume of the *Mer des Histoires*, printed at Lyons in 1491, from the collection of Mr. Slade.

In specimens of our earliest English printer, however, the collection at Somerset House is by no means poor. From Trinity College, Cambridge, has been sent a copy of Caxton's *Game of Chess*, which has till recently been considered the first book printed in England, in 1474. It is, however, now generally believed that it was one of the books printed abroad, probably about 1476, the date of 1474 being that of the completion of its translation. We should have been glad to have seen in company with this book the copy, from the same library, of the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*, printed also at Bruges in 1471, as this is the first book ever printed in English. The *Vellum Caxton* from Windsor, exhibited by the Prince Consort, unique in one of its chapters, was also of great interest. We believe it is the only Caxton on vellum known to exist, which, perhaps, is not much to be regretted, for the vellum is certainly the worst we have ever seen used. Mr. Tite, however, takes the lead in the number of his Caxtons. Among them are a copy of *The Myrrour of the World*, 1480; of Higden's *Polychronicon*, of 1482; Lydgate's *Lyfe of our Ladie*, printed about 1483; and a copy of the *Booke of Faytes of Armes*, printed in 1489.

A copy of the *Dives and Pauper*, exhibited by the same collector, is interesting as being the first work printed by Pynson in 1493; so also is the copy of the same printer's *Mons Perfectionum* of 1501, which is curious as showing the use made by one printer of the work of another. In this, as well as in two other instances both exhibited in this collection, Pynson has made use of a woodcut originally Caxton's, which is found in the unique copy of his *Fifteen O's and other Prayers*, in the British Museum library. Two unique books, exhibited by Mr. Francis Fry, deserve notice. These are, a copy of *Cranmer's Version of the New Testament*, printed at London by W. Copland in 1550, and a copy of the first edition of *Sternhold and Hopkins' Metrical Version of the Psalms*, printed in 1562. Mr. Tite has also sent his copy of the first folio Shakspere, and a very fine collection, about fifteen in number, of the quarto editions of his Plays; also a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*.

These are but a few of the very interesting series which have been exhibited to the Society and their friends. It was intended to have continued the Exhibition till this day, but the sudden and grievous calamity which has just fallen on the nation has put a stop to this as to weightier matters. It is hoped, however, that those who have so kindly contributed their treasures will still further extend their liberality and allow the volumes to remain till the next meeting of the Society on the 9th, and for more careful inspection on the two following days. We sincerely trust that these gentlemen may do so, as it would be a great pity for such a superb collection to be amassed to be dispersed again so very soon.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, December 18.

In a recent article in the columns of the *Gazette* on the new edition of the Della-Cruscan Dictionary, there are some remarks on the small advantage, or rather positive disadvantage, which has accrued to Italian literature from the operation of that celebrated Academy, and a passing allusion to the swarm of self-styled literary Academies which made the very name of Academy ridiculous throughout Europe, by the fantastic absurdities with which Italian society sought to relieve the tedium of its leader leisure in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A very amusing paper might be written on the titles and practices of these incredibly absurd societies, and the pompous trifling to which men were reduced by the miserable social conditions which made every useful or manlike career impossible to all above the classes whose bread is earned by the labour of their hands. I may perhaps some day take pen in hand with the view of attempting such a sketch, as a curious contribution to the history of a bygone system of manners, ideas, and habits.

But my present object is to speak of one Italian "Academy," the only one, I think, which deserves to be taken out from the category of such societies as I have been referring to, and to be known, not for its absurdity, but for its really high character and for the good it has helped to achieve much more extensively than in its own special Tuscan field of action.

I allude to the "Georgofili" of Florence, whose claims to have actively contributed to the advancement of mankind to their present degree of enlightenment, on certain very important points of social and economic science, deserve to be more generally known and recognized than they have been.

Unlike almost all the silly societies born of the frivolity of a bygone state of society, and long since killed by the improved earnestness of nineteenth century life, the "Georgofili" of Florence are as alive and active, or rather more so, than ever. The society—whose title it is perhaps hardly necessary to translate into "Lovers of Agriculture"—was founded in 1753 by Don Ubaldo Montelatici, a canon of the Lateran, but a Tuscan. Called into existence evidently by that general movement of mind and heaving of the great social deeps, which from the middle of the eighteenth century began to stir men's minds to new thoughts and aims, it fur-

nishes a curious evidence of one of the fundamental differences between the Italian and the French mind. The same movement of thought which on the northern side of the Alps led to a whole system of speculative philosophy on man, his life and destiny and nature, was on the southern side of the great barrier turned to operate immediate, palpable, and concrete improvements in the material conditions of human existence.

It was not without passing through the ordeal of a very severe fire of ridicule that the sensible and philanthropic Canon, even though joined in his scheme from the first by several of the most enlightened men in Florence, was able to establish his Academy. Perhaps he would have done more wisely to have called his society by any other name.

"What! an Academy to talk of the nature of manure in Tuscany, instead of inditing sonnets about the flocks in Arcadia! An Academy to occupy itself with the business of bailiffs and peasants!" &c.

The worthy Canon let the witlings have their laugh, and persevered; gathering a first meeting of eighteen members in his own house, in the Piazza Pitti, on the 4th of June, 1753. The infant society did not however thrive much, till the celebrated reforming Duke Peter Leopold came to the throne in 1767. Peter Leopold, to whose legislation it was solely due that, during the first half of this century, Tuscany was the garden and privileged bit of Italy, understood at once that the new society was just the sort of thing that he wanted, and accordingly pepped it, endowed it, and gave it a home in the Palazzo Vecchio.

From its first institution the Accademia dei Georgofili did not strictly confine its attention to practical agriculture; but bestowed much of it on social and political economy. And it is in this latter field that its operations are specially remarkable, and of European importance.

England considers herself, and is generally considered by the world, as the great originator and apostle of the doctrines of free-trade. The long and arduous battle which has been fought, and now well-nigh finally won at every point of the wide field, has yet not been so long but that men still but little past middle life have witnessed the entire action. From the days when Huskisson led the small band of the forlorn hope against the outworks of the mighty citadel of "Protection," which then little dreamed that its strongest and innermost towers would soon be razed to the ground, through the vicissitudes of the desperate struggle under the leading of Peel, up to the final victory over the last forces of the foe, entrenched in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of French ignorance and prejudice, under the captaincy of Gladstone and Cobden, the world has been ringing with the enlightened triumphs of English economical science.

The noise of this great fight has so filled the whole European sky, and the congratulatory shoutings of the victors have been so exultingly uproarious, that posterity may likely enough never hear, and even the passing generation may be heedless of the fact, that a quiet little society of Tuscans, founded by a Roman Catholic priest, far away among the sunny Apennine slopes of the Italian dream-land, had from a much earlier date been busy, not only in elaborating the principles of free-trade, but in prevailing on the "practical men" of the Tuscan government to put them into action. How many of the mass of very tolerably well-read Englishmen, men conversant with all the phases of the great Corn Law struggle, well up in the story of the hydra-headed fallacies advanced by protectionism, and in the arguments by which these fallacies were ultimately slain—how many of such men are there who would not be surprised to hear there existed a little nation of lemonade-sipping and siesta-loving Italians, who would have been justified in asking the hot and noisy combatants, who were filling all Europe with the din of their battle, whether it were really possible that they were finding all that out now for the first time!

Ruined agriculture! beggared landowners! bold peasantry turned into cotton-winders! nation dependent for bread on foreigners! &c. We know all about it! We have fought our way through all that long ago! Nay, our fight was a more arduous one than yours; for it was a double-

handed one. You had to make head against landowners, who feared that their pockets would be injured by the importation of corn. We had the same battle to fight; and besides that, an equally desperate one with the masses of consumers, who were as frantically alarmed at the exportation of it. At one moment we had to turn our faces towards the one adversary, and at the next had to face about to meet the attack from the opposite direction. And this battle was being fought and won in the penultimate lustre of the eighteenth century!

The story of the Academy of the Georgofili furnishes a curious instance of the result produced by the contact of despotism with any intellectual activity. When Napoleon became master of Italy, he found the Georgofili at their beneficent work, and comprehended that it was good, with much the same amount of intelligent appreciation as that which prompted Ananias to desire to share the power of working miracles possessed by the Apostles. He brought gold and silver! He assigned the agricultural philosophers a farm for their experiments, and gave them six thousand francs a year. He honoured them too by submitting to their consideration the rural code of the Empire. He had seen the miracles by virtue of which Tuscany was made prosperous and well-fed, while the surrounding states were suffering from poverty and want. And all that the imperial Ananias asked in return for the benefits he bestowed was, that he should be shown how to work the miracle of carrying out his continental system without ruining the countries affected by it. The Tuscan philosophers did not say in reply, "Thy money perish with thee!" On the contrary, they pocketed their annual six thousand francs, and put down in the list of their corresponding members all the swarm of generals and colonels and courtiers who overran the country from France. But they wholly failed to work the prodigy required of them; and in those years, as an historian of the Academy writes, "did little for agriculture, and little for economical science, contenting themselves with longing for a return to the government of Peter Leopold."

At a later period, when the benumbing hand of imperial patronage, with its six thousand francs, had passed away from them, the attention of the Academy, which, as soon as the shade of imperialism was off it, soon warmed again into life and useful action, was largely occupied with a very interesting subject, which touches at several points a variety of economic questions of the highest and most permanent importance in every country.

The English reader is perhaps acquainted with the system prevalent in parts of Ireland, called "conacre." A similar system is in vigour throughout the greater part of Tuscany, under the name of "mezzeria." It consists in a division of the produce of the soil between the peasant cultivator and the landowner, instead of the payment of rent. It would be a curious subject of speculation to examine the differences in the results produced by the system in Ireland and in Tuscany. It is certain that those differences are very striking.

Intimately connected as the question is with every portion of the subject of rural economy, and with the yet more important problems of the formation and modelling of national character, there are of course a great variety of considerations to be weighed on either side. But the points that seem to be admitted as unquestionable are—that the system is unfavourable to the interests of the landlord; that probably a less amount of profit is obtained from the soil; and that certainly the proprietor received a smaller share of that which is obtained than under the system of rent. On the other hand, it seems clear that the system is in favour of the peasant cultivator. Extreme distress will be rare, if not unknown, under such a system. The tiller of the soil will feed himself and his family before he hands over any part of the produce to his landlord. And this certainly leads directly to the moral question involved. It is very easy to see that the portion to be received by the landlord must depend very much upon the honesty of the tenant; and I am inclined to think that a certain amount of mischief is produced by this facility for wrong-doing. But there is a degree of tolerance and easy-going inaccuracy in the minds and dealings of the Tuscan

landowners that takes out of the category of absolute dishonesty much that our more precise and more rigid notions would class within it. "A man must live, and so must his family," a landowner will say. "What is the good of talking about my five barrels of wine out of ten, when the vineyard has produced only five altogether, and that was too little for the peasant's family?"

It will be seen that such notions and such a mode of dealing are calculated to produce a feeling of community of interests, and kindly intercourse of a patriarchal and very desirable kind. But it is to be feared that the decision of an economist on pure economical principles would be unfavourable to it. What is usually said by those who have most experience in Tuscany, is that the "mezzeria" is found to answer admirably where property has remained for a long time in the same hands, proprietor and peasant cultivator having stood in the same relation to each other for many generations; that it is less successful where property has frequently changed hands, and both parties are new to the soil and to each other. I know cases in Tuscany in which the tillers of the soil have been settled on the same land from father to son for more than three hundred years—cases in which the landowner would no more think of removing such families from their holdings, than he would of their removing him; and in which he feels perfectly certain of receiving his due proportion of the produce of the land.

At all events the decision of the Georgofili, after much examination and discussion, was very strongly in favour of the system.

"The consecration of this our salutary and traditional agrarian system," writes the historian of the Academy previously quoted, "a system which, if it does not enrich the landlord with the whole profit of his land, assures in exchange for this the existence of the entire rural population, and unites poor and rich by the ties of a partnership in good and ill; the consecration, I say, of this system in the midst of the nineteenth century by men of the utmost authority, has an importance which succeeding times have not availed to diminish, but have indeed notably increased. And God grant that a time may not come, when either by the fault of the landlords or by that of the peasants this system should be declared impracticable."

Certainly the decision of such a question by such a body as the Florentine Georgofili is a very interesting fact. But I am inclined to think that the time will come when modern notions, modes of culture, and increased necessity for getting all from the land that the land can give, will chase the easy-going old-world custom from the soil.

Every month the Georgofili, now in the hundred and eighth year of their Academical existence, continue to hold their meetings, attended by the best men (in every sense of the word) in the country, continue to exercise a very salutary influence in the country, and really merit a larger share of trans-Alpine attention than has been hitherto accorded to their proceedings.

T. A. T.

#### SCIENCE.

##### MR. BAIN ON CHARACTER.

*On the Study of Character, including an Estimate of Phrenology.* By Alexander Bain, A.M., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. (Parker, Son, and Bourn.)

ONE half of the present volume on the study of character is taken up by an estimate of Phrenology. On this portion of what might otherwise have been a valuable and suggestive work, we should prefer to say as little as possible. The introduction of such a digression not only seriously interfered with the logical harmony of treatment, but is calculated to inspire grave distrust in the worth of the independent speculations to which Mr. Bain has injudiciously made it a preliminary. It would be equally inappropriate for us, considering as

we do that Phrenology is an exploded piece of empiricism, to criticize what Mr. Bain has said upon it; suffice it to say that he seems to have collected together the fragments to which logicians and physiologists had reduced the once compact scheme edifice of Phrenology, and only for the purpose of reducing those fragments still smaller. Philosophers of the most opposite schools agree in condemning as empirical and utterly unverified the whole craniological system. Sir William Hamilton, after the most triumphant refutation of the theory of Gall and Spurzheim, came to the contemptuous conclusion that "the phrenological doctrine was wholly unworthy of a serious refutation." (*Lectures on Metaphysics*, i. 424.) Mr. J. S. Mill, although the disciple of Comte, —who said that a full contemplation of Gall's doctrine convinced him "of its faithful representation of the intellectual and moral nature of man and animals"—in this point, as on many others, is gifted with a much more accurate insight than his teacher; and speaking of the connection between mental peculiarities and any varieties cognizable by our senses in the structure of the nervous and cerebral apparatus, declares emphatically:—"The latest discoveries in cerebral physiology appear to have proved that any such connection which may exist is of a radically different character from that contended for by Gall and his followers, and that whatever may hereafter be found to be the true theory of the subject, phrenology at least is untenable." (*Elements of Logic*, ii. 435.)

We are justified, therefore, in refusing to follow Mr. Bain through his "estimate" of what has been estimated long ago, and found hopelessly wanting. We have read it with as much care as it seemed to deserve, and can only deplore that so acute a writer, through a notion that Phrenology is the only system of character as yet elaborated, should have devoted so much time and labour to the discussion of a baseless and exploded science.

It is perhaps worth noting, as an illustration how a correct reasoner is apt to forget his cunning, when setting up a quasi-defence for what is incorrect and unfounded on reason, that Mr. Bain is guilty of numerous inconsistencies in his argumentation. For instance, in discussing the various elements which may enter into the sentiment of maternal love, he says:—"The sentiment of power is also ministered to in the maternal care of an infant. The entire dominion over one human being is possessed by the mother, and the command of a family is the chief compensation to a woman for her exclusion from affairs generally." About thirty pages afterwards this assertion, which we believe to be valid, is widely modified if not directly contradicted by the counter statement that "women are not generally considered ambitious of command"; in this latter passage, in fact, Mr. Bain bases an argument upon the absence of the very sentiment whose existence he assumes and dwells upon a little before.

But this defect of reasoning is surpassed by a still more extraordinary defect of knowledge. Endorsing the rash and arrogant assumption of Combe, Mr. Bain says: "The phrenologists were the first to bring forward in a prominent manner . . . the doctrine that the mind is essentially dependent in all its manifestations on the brain, being more vigorous as that is more fully developed, and dwindling under cerebral deficiency or disease."

Not to speak of still more remote examples of phrenological theory, we may remind Mr. Bain that Albert de Montagnana, in 1491, published an actual phrenological map, in which there is a systematic allocation for *sensus communis*, the *cellula imaginativa*, and various other mental qualities; and he may also refer to Willis's book, *De Anatomie Cerebri*.

As for refutations of phrenology they are too abundant. Perhaps the most complete and comprehensive may be found in M. Flourens' *Examen de la Phrénologie*, and Dr. Mark Roget's *Treatise on Phrenology*, which originally appeared in the *Encyclopédia Britannica*, but has been replaced in the last (the eighth edition) by an article of almost directly opposite views. It is our opinion that, as subsidiary to the study of character, phrenological classification is utterly useless, and that phrenological laws contain even less truth, and are of even less assistance, than the doctrines and experiments of Lavater.

It will perhaps be advantageous to indicate one or two aspects of the study of character, as at present prosecuted; and not the least interesting point about Mr. Bain's work is that it affords us a reliable medium through which we may observe the condition and prospects of the science to which Mr. J. S. Mill has given the name of Ethology.

We may begin by noticing the scientific investigation into a principle which has from the time of Galen been admitted, but in a vague and unpractical way, namely, that there is a connection or correlation between physical constitution and mental character. The old division into the four temperaments was a deduction from this principle, an explanation of mental characteristics by bodily modifications. A nervous or a lymphatic temperament was always found in conjunction with certain corresponding qualities of mind. Mr. Bain considers this division as a clumsy device, and proposes to replace it by an account of each bodily organ which participates in mental manifestations, viewing each on its own grounds. He wishes to take each bodily organ, and ascertain its precise character in the individual; and then summing up all these diagnoses, he holds that we have a complete delineation of the constitution of such an individual. Amongst the subjects involved are the nervous system, the muscles, the lungs and respiration, the digestion, and the heart and circulation. That each one of these affects the mind there can be no reasonable doubt, and it is one of the chief merits of Mr. Bain's work that he points this out with the greatest clearness. Aliferi used to keep a note-book, in which he carefully recorded the time, circumstances, and mood in which he composed all his verses. If we were all to do the same—and everybody who, like Mr. Bain, aspires to elucidate the mysteries of human character certainly ought—we should be astounded to discover how not only composition but speech and thought and the general activity of life, are dependent upon moods resulting from the healthy or unhealthy performance of their functions by the bodily organs. Digestion, for instance, alone, is manifestly of prime importance for mental well-being; and the confirmed dyspeptic is rarely found to have either the emotional or the intellectual department unaffected by his physical disorder. Mr. Bain's remarks upon this connection, as bearing upon character, are most judicious. He treats scientifically what George Combe treated popularly in his *Principles of Physiology*.

We remember to have read in some work recently published a fact which may serve as an illustration of the outrageous way in which this sound principle may be burlesqued. A Dr. Cartwright of Louisiana, in a work on the diseases of negroes, enumerate among them *Drapetomania*, which, like a malady that cats are subject to, manifests itself by an indispen-

able propensity to run away; also *Dysaesthesia Ethiopica*, or "Hebetude of Mind and obtuse sensibility of Body," persons labouring under which waste and destroy everything they handle, abuse horses and cattle, tear, burn, or rend their own clothing, and paying no attention to the rights of property, steal others to replace what they have destroyed. In England we have not arrived at quite this pitch, but there is frequently displayed a strong tendency in the same direction, and men seem becoming more and more induced to accept as ultimate and irresolvable facts of body what are merely complex facts of mind.

In order to show our readers the precise ground taken up by Mr. Bain's work, we must remark briefly upon the exact nature of the science to which it is a contribution. The Laws of the Formation of Character are deduced from the higher laws embraced in the science of Psychology. That science furnishes a number of general principles regulative of mental operations. Amongst them, for example, are the laws of the Association of Ideas; and their number is constantly being increased. The object of Ethology, according to the greatest English writer on the subject, "is to determine from the general laws of mind, combined with the general position of our species in the Universe, what actual or possible combinations of circumstances are capable of promoting or of preventing the production of those qualities in human beings which are of interest to us." If we ask what progress has been made in the discovery of these important principles, we find that there has been next to none. Probably the volume now before us is the first systematic attempt even to lay the foundation, and it goes no further than a classification of characteristics, based on the threefold division of the mind into Intellect, Emotion, and Will or Spontaneous Energy. Into the merits of this particular classification we cannot enter: we observe in it various defects which would require more space than we can afford to expose and correct, but which still may serve to stimulate further inquiry. The neglects of the study of character, and the want of all scientific prosecution of it, are unaccountable. Its importance can hardly be overrated if we bear in mind that Ethology is the science to which Education is the corresponding art: the more we know of the principles which direct the formation of character, the more, in spite of individual differences and the comparatively uncontrollable variety of outward circumstances, shall we be enabled to mould character after lofty models. Then again there can be no complaint of want of materials out of which to construct our science. All that it requires is, firstly, an adequate number of psychological generalizations, from which to deduce its principles; and, secondly, an adequate amount of experimental truths, by which to verify and correct them. We have an abundance of each of these sets of data; and yet the valuable results for individuals and for nations which could not fail to accrue from their systematic combination by scientific methods, remain undiscovered and disregarded.

In all the various debates as to the distinction between the man of genius and the man of talent, we may discern, as elsewhere, the prevalent ignorance, even in places where we should scarcely have expected to find it, relative to character; what portion of character is ultimate and inexplicable; what other portion may be explained by the ethological principles deduced from the general laws of mental phenomena. For example, George Wilson, in his recently published biography of Edward Forbes, is at great pains to prove that

his hero was born with a strong genius and innate propensity for natural history. The fact is that Forbes's character was singularly easy of explanation, on the most superficial principles of ethology; and we may venture to dwell somewhat upon it in exemplification of our position that it is rash to accept such large and vague notions as innate propensities for ultimate facts. The analysis of his character might be conducted somewhat as follows: The one ultimate fact of Forbes's nature was susceptibility to vivid impressions, and when we style this an ultimate fact we only mean mentally, for it might have been the result of physical conformation. Now there is a psychological law that sensations experienced during the presence of any vivid impression become strongly associated with it and with each other. But from this general principle, we may deduce (according to Dr. Priestley) this derivative law, that in individuals of great susceptibility, i.e. in whom vivid impressions are habitual, synchronous ideas are more intimately blended than in minds of another constitution. Further, any circumstance which, like this, favours the association of synchronous ideas, leads to a knowledge of objects and qualities. It follows then that individuals who excel in this knowledge do so by virtue of their great natural susceptibility. This is the explanation of Forbes's capability for excelling in natural history; and its development into activity must be accounted for by outward circumstances, such as being born in a spot distinguished by an abundance and variety of natural objects, being for some time an invalid, and so left free from school discipline to the gratification of his own natural inclination.

We should have liked Mr. Bain's book much better if he had made it more independent, and had divested himself more completely of the rags of a worn-out scheme. The present volume, though as we have said it contains much suggestive matter, will probably not take so high a place as his two previous contributions to mental philosophy. Its value is merely that of tentative discussion; it breaks ground in a department of knowledge in which, to the shame of English practical science, scarcely any real progress has been made since the first discovery of its existence.

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

December 6.—Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., Vice-President.

In commencing the proceedings of another session, Mr. Morgan offered a few observations on the encouraging progress of the Society during the last year, and especially the gratification which had been given by the occasional exhibitions of works of ancient art at the London meetings in the previous session. In the ensuing year a display of mediæval art had been proposed at the South Kensington Museum, on occasion of the great International Exhibition; and the Central Committee of the Institute contemplated the formation of one special exhibition only in the next year, to be arranged for the meeting in June. The subjects selected were enamel and niello. Mr. Morgan alluded to the agreeable prospects of the annual meeting to be held in 1862 at Worcester, where the Society had been welcomed with cordial encouragement by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Bishop of Worcester, and other persons of influence.

Mr. R. Pritchett gave some interesting notices of the old iron-works in Sussex, and also of the timbered houses which he had noticed in the picturesque villages near Frant. Of one of these houses, bearing the date 1593, he exhibited drawings; also of the ancient bombard formerly on the Green at Eridge, but no longer to be found. It had been fired annually until 1796, and a prize of five shillings given to the fortunate villager who should bring back the cannon-ball, which this venerable

relic of primitive artillery carried to a distance of about eight hundred yards. Mr. Pritchett noticed also the sepulchral slabs, of cast iron, with inscriptions and ornaments in relief, produced in the foun- dries in Sussex, where stone was not readily obtained. He mentioned an example dated as early as 1582. At Frant he had found an original set of butts, probably the only example of their kind now existing, and an interesting relic of old English archery. The long range was ascertained by Mr. Pritchett to be one hundred yards, the butts for youthful archers being at a distance of seventy-five yards.

A curious note of a recent discovery at Stone- henge was read, by Dr. Tate, R.A., who had noticed on the fallen impost of one of the trilithons an engraved symbol, or device, hitherto unobserved, and which might possibly tend to throw light on the history of that monument.

Mr. Hewitt gave a short notice of some examples of ancient armour, probably English, which were brought for examination.

Mr. Bloxam communicated some interesting particulars in regard to a bronze Greek helmet, of unique form, found in 1854 by R. Bannister Oakley, Esq., in the bed of the Tigris, near the track of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks; it may how- ever be a relic of the campaign of Alexander the Great, n.c. 330.

Dr. Johnson, Secretary of the Wroxeter Excava- tions Committee at Shrewsbury, gave a report of the progress of the work during the past year, and exhibited a photograph of a valuable sculptured tablet, which is amongst the most recent discoveries.

Mr. Hillary Davies also presented to the Institute a careful survey which he had executed, showing the whole of the Roman buildings and remains hitherto exposed to view.

A notice of a fine mural painting of St. George, in St. Gregory's church, Norwich, was sent by Mr. R. Fitch, F.S.A., accompanied by a beautiful coloured drawing of that curious example of fifteenth century art, which is in very perfect preservation. The costume and details of buildings, &c., are singularly rich and elaborate. Several objects connected with the early use of fire-arms were exhibited by Mr. Bernhard Smith. A collection of documents, seals, and family relics, and also some rich examples of embroidery, were brought by Miss Farington, of Worden, Lancashire. Some photographs and illus- trations of remarkable antiquities in Switzerland, with a specimen of cloth from the Pfahlbauten, or Lake-dwellings in that country, were contributed by Dr. Keller, President of the Antiquarian Society at Zurich.

Mr. D. Gurney exhibited two valuable portraits, one representing Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., holding a white and red rose; it may, however, possibly be an early portrait of his brother Henry VIII.; the other is supposed to portray Darnley, and it bears a striking resemblance to certain portraits considered to be of that prince. Mr. Morgan exhibited a Chinese personal seal, of agate, engraved with an inscription in the ancient characters which occur on the Chinese porcelain seals frequently found in Ireland, and to which this specimen is similar in fashion.

It was announced that Lord Lyttelton had signified his consent to take the part of President at the annual meeting of the Institute in 1862, to be held at Worcester. Amongst subjects to be brought before the ensuing meeting on January 10, are Notices of Examples of Art, Manuscripts, &c., in Northern Europe, by Professor Westwood; an account of a Roman cemetery lately discovered in the Isle of Wight, in railway excavations; a Report on the excavations on the site of Chertsey Abbey; notice of the remarkable Roman relic at Dover, formerly known as the Bredenstone, by Mr. Clayton; and a Memoir on a unique example of a Circular Church in Orkney, by Mr. Petrie.

#### BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

December 11.—George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A., V.P., in the chair.

John Hardy, Esq., M.P., the Rev. J. B. Hughes, M.A., of Tiverton, and Mrs. Sotheby, of Ivy House, Kingston, were elected Associates.

Presents were received from the Society of Anti-

No. 182 (2342).—DECEMBER 21, 1861.

quaries; the Archaeological Institute, American Ethnological Society, Messrs. Dollman, Robbins, &c.

Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Cuming made remarks on a stone axe found in the neighbourhood of Newark, Ohio, and considered the characters as produced by playfulness. Mr. Pettigrew stated that they did not represent a single Phoenician letter, to which language they had been ascribed.

The Dean of Worcester forwarded to Mr. Pettigrew the particulars of a discovery made at Worcester Cathedral during the restorations on the north side of the chancel, by which a stone coffin had been brought to light, containing the remains of a bishop, supposed to be *De Constantiis* of the twelfth century. On the breast was a fine silver gilt paten, and around his head are embroidered a gilt band with various figures. The particulars of the discovery, with proper illustrations, will be published by the Association.

The Rev. Mr. Kell communicated an account of the discovery of curious Roman remains, in a cutting now in progress for a railway at Newport, Isle of Wight, which will, when completed, be arranged. The same gentleman also sent for exhibition a medallion of the *Mater Dolorosa* and *Ecce Homo*, of Italian workmanship, of the early part of the eighteenth century, found at Netley Abbey; also, a very minute gold coin, weighing twenty-nine and a half grains, a quarter-*Philippus* of Gaulish coinage, found at Dover.

Mr. Evans gave a description of this interesting specimen, and stated that he possessed a half-coin of the same, which was found at Margate.

Dr. Palmer sent a notice of the examination of a supposed sepulchral mound at Stanmore, Berks. A cavity with glazed tiles, dark mould, &c., was discovered, and it was conjectured rather to have been for agricultural purposes at a distant period, and had become in the progress of time covered-over by large quantities of flints, stones, &c., so as to resemble a cairn, for which it was mistaken.

Mr. Dewe sent a very beautiful bronze Celtic dagger-blade, with one of the rivets remaining. It measured seven and a half inches in height, and was found under a round barrow at Rowcroft, in the parish of Yattondon.

Mr. Cecil Brent exhibited a bronze Celtic spear-head, six inches long, in very fine preservation, found upon deepening the furrow of a water-wheel at Charlton paper-mill, Kent.

Mr. George Wright exhibited a bone die, found, it was said, along with Roman remains, in excavations for a sewer in Old Kent Road.

Mr. Pettigrew considered it to be Saxon, of which he had seen many examples from graves in Kent and elsewhere.

Mr. Forman exhibited a large silver bracelet, having for its centre the fine seal of Thomas Burton, Bishop of Sodor and Man, 1452–1480. The bracelet weighs four ounces seven dwts. The border is foliated, and the hoop has prominent scrolls and circlets, once probably set with jewels or decorated with coloured enamels, of which some trace could yet be detected. It was found in a garden at Rathmines, near Dublin, and was obtained from Captain Hoare's collection.

Dr. Pridham sent a Canterbury token of the sign of the Chequers, so celebrated by Chaucer.

The Rev. Mr. Kell exhibited a brass tobacco-box of the seventeenth century, having engravings of the Virgin and Child, with a Dutch inscription. On the bottom is *S. Antonius Dan Padua*, with the Infant Saviour.

Mr. Previté exhibited a gold Venetian zecchino, which had formed the decoration of the head of a Sepoy killed in the late Indian mutiny.

Dr. Palmer sent Roman remains obtained from a villa in Berkshire, belonging to Mr. H. Bunbury. The pottery was apparently from the Durobrivian kilns. Horn cores of the *Bos longifrons* were also found, and a coin of Tetricus the Elder.

Mr. Solly exhibited two fine miniatures of Prince Henry, oldest son of James I. They were the work of Isaac Oliver. He also exhibited a miniature in oil on copper, of James Stuart, the old Pretender, which was formerly in Dr. Mead's collection. Mr. Cuming exhibited a minute miniature of Charles I. Mr. Brent produced a miniature of Charles II. set in a gold ring, a copy of Sir P. Lely's portrait in Bridewell Hall.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of, and discussion upon, a paper on Ogham inscriptions, by Mr. Pettigrew, in which he enumerated the examples hitherto formed in Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and now by a single example in England, which, by the liberality of the lord of the manor at Ivy Bridge, South Devon, has been placed in the British Museum. A drawing of the stone was exhibited, and an alphabet, by which it was proposed to be read. It is important in being *bilingual*, there being Roman as well as Ogham characters, the former reading *FANONI MAQUIRINI* on one side and *SAGRANI* on the other. The Oghams are on the lateral edges of the stone and at a portion of the top.

Mr. Pettigrew entered into a consideration of the Ogham alphabet and its varieties as given by Dr. O'Donovan, Dr. Graves, and other celebrated Irish antiquaries. He also discussed the probable antiquity of Ogham monuments, and felt disposed to assign them to a Pagan period, the Christian emblems found upon some being regarded by him as a means adopted by the missionaries to efface Pagan memorials and aid in the establishment of Christianity.

The Association then adjourned over to January the 8th, 1862.

December 14.—Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.

J. H. Macalister, Esq., Malcolm Lewin, Esq., Joseph Milligan, Esq., Major-General Anstruther, Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., John Westwood, Esq., Rev. W. J. Beumont, were elected Resident Members; and J. E. Blunt, Esq., Niven Moore, Esq., C.B., Henry Stanhope Freeman, Esq., Henry A. Churchill, Esq., C.B., the Honourable Arthur Gordon, and George K. Nieman, Esq., were elected Non-Resident Members.

Besides various donations of books made to the Society by different contributors, a selection of seventy-seven silver coins was presented in the name of his highness the late Rao of Kutch, who had entrusted to General Jacob the whole of his large collection, from which the Society might choose any that would usefully augment the series in their possession. They are principally coins of the Sāh and Gupta dynasties of Surasikha.

A paper by J. Muir, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., on the "Indian Materialists," with remarks on freedom of speculation in India, was read by the Secretary. Mr. Muir gives passages from the *Sarva Darshana Sangraha*, the *Vishnu Purana*, and the *Ramayana*, illustrative of the tenets of the Chārvākas (Materialists); he cites others contained in Manu's Institutes, where mention is made of Nastikas (Nihilists), Pashandhis (heretics) and revilers of the Vedas; but he is unable to state how far back in Indian literature the seat of the Chārvākas can be traced. It is evident, he remarks, from some of the hymns of the Vedas (see Müller's *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*), however, that theological speculation has been practised in India from "a very early period." In fact, the whole of these hymns, even those the most artless, poetical, and anthropomorphic in character, may, in a limited sense, be regarded as speculative. Sākya Musie, the founder of Buddhism, is by many authorities regarded as having merely carried on a work commenced by others of an atheistical school, as may be proved by a comparison of the principles of the two systems. In the early centuries of the Christian era these atheistic sentiments widely prevailed in India. If (as is asserted) the adherents of the Parva Mimansa have abandoned the belief in a future life as well as in a God, they can only practise their Vedic ceremonies for the advantages these are thought to procure in the present life, and the singular fact arises that the votaries of the Vedic rites have adopted the speculative opinions of the very Materialists by whom these ceremonies were so keenly denounced.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The following is a list of the meetings before Easter:—

January 17.—Professor Tyndall, F.R.S.: On the Transmission of Heat through Gases.

January 24.—Professor Rolleston, M.D., F.L.S.: On the Affinities and Differences between the Brain of Man and the Brains of certain Animals.

January 31.—William Hopkins, Esq., F.R.S.: On the Theories of the Motions of Glaciers.

February 7.—Professor T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.: On Fossil Remains of Man.

February 14.—F. A. Abel, Esq., F.R.S.: On some of the Causes, Effects, and Military Applications of Explosions.

February 21.—James Ferguson, Esq.: On the Site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

February 28.—A. R. Durhan, Esq.: On Sleeping and Dreaming.

March 7.—Professor Oliver: On the Distribution of Northern Plants as influenced by Climatal and Geographical Changes.

March 14.—W. S. Savory, Esq., F.R.S.: On Motion in Plants and Animals.

March 21.—Dr. W. Odling, F.R.S.: On Mr. Graham's Researches on Dialysis.

March 28.—J. A. Froude, Esq.: On the Navigators of the Sixteenth Century.

April 4.—Commissioner M. D. Hill: On the Post Office.

April 11.—The Astronomer-Royal, F.R.S.

The lecture arrangements before Easter, 1862, comprise a course of six lectures on Light, by John Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S.; twelve lectures on the Physiology of the Senses, by John Marshall, Esq., F.R.S.; twelve lectures on Heat, by John Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S.; five lectures on the English Language, by the Rev. Alexander J. D'Orsay; four lectures on National Music, by Henry F. Chorley, Esq.; three lectures on Spectrum Analysis, by Professor Henry E. Roseoe.

The lecture arrangements after Easter include four lectures by C. T. Newton, Esq., on Ancient Sculptural Art; three lectures by the Rev. G. Butler, on the Art of the Last Century; six lectures by Professor Lyon Playfair, C.B., F.R.S., on the Progress of the Chemical Arts during the last Ten Years; and seven lectures by Professor T. Anderson, F.R.S.E., on Agricultural Chemistry.

Friday evening discourses will be given by W. Fairbairn, Esq., F.R.S.; J. Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S.; T. Bazley, Esq.; Professors Tyndall and Faraday.

December 26, three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall: On Light (Juvenile Lecture).

December 28, three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall: On Light (Juvenile Lecture).

**MUSIC AND DRAMA.**

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Handel's "Messiah" was performed on Friday, with Mme. Guerrabelli (soprano), Mine. Sainton-Dolby (contralto), Mr. Wilby Cooper (tenor), and Mr. L. W. Thomas (bass). Conductor, Mr. Costa; organist, Mr. Brownsmit. The band and chorus consisted of the usual number, the latter decidedly superior to anything that has been heard there for some seasons. Whether better voices have been added, or only the worst dispensed with, we cannot say; it was enough that the cracked male voices, alto and tenor, which used to mar the general effect by their un congenial quality, are no longer heard. The band includes many distinguished instrumental professors, from whose example the amateurs seem to profit largely. We question if a stranger would be easily persuaded that the majority of the orchestral force is non-professional. Much of this perhaps is due to the conductor, whose *bâton* communicates signals, his intention and wishes, with rare precision. As usual, the "Messiah" filled the Hall. No other oratorio seems to attract such general admiration, or rather such profound veneration, and whether in town or country the appreciation is the same. During the last Festival at Birmingham, some thousands of artisans surrounded the Hall, in addition to the usual mixed crowd on the day on which the "Messiah" was performed. After the Hallelujah Chorus had been sung and encored, the sons of the anvil and forge hurried away to their tasks, and it appears to be an understood compact between masters and men that a temporary holiday is to be allowed every Festival during this portion

of the "Messiah." The performance on Friday was inferior to some we have heard by the same Society. The band and chorus having worked together for many seasons under the guidance of Mr. Costa, the broad features and general details of an oratorio are sure to be brought out in strong relief, but it becomes difficult to find solo singers of commensurate excellence. That we have first-rate singers few will deny, but they are not always to be had. What with concert tours, operatic tours, and a variety of other engagements, it seldom happens that directors can obtain all the artists they would prefer, and we fancy that in some particulars the choice of the Society was somewhat limited on this occasion.

Mr. L. W. Thomas declaimed the recitative "Thus saith the Lord" with more vehemence than he usually displays. In endeavouring to be energetic, he emphasized each word, thereby destroying the dignity and solemnity of the subject. On his first appearance in London his style was considered too tame and unimpassioned, a fault far less fatal than the other extreme. Between violence and energy there is a great distinction. Mr. Thomas has a voice of fine quality, though not large, sufficient compass and a correct ear, but the dramatic style is unsuited to his capacity, and, moreover, out of place in Oratorio. The recitative and air "Behold a Virgin," and "O thou that tellest," were powerfully declaimed by Madame Sainton-Dolby; but why take the air so fast? There has been a strong disposition to quicken movements, both instrumental and vocal, for some time, and although some exceptional compositions may gain by the change, it is dangerous on this chance to disturb our traditions of Handel. In "For behold" and "The people that walked in darkness," Mr. Thomas displayed the same qualities as in his first recitative. His occasional vehement emphasis on "Seen a great light" was not an improvement on the sense of the passage, and materially interfered with the strange winding phraseology of the composition. The words afford not the slightest reasonable opportunity for passionate declamation. The great chorus "For unto us a child is born" was delivered with the Costa effect that has made so much adverse criticism. Formerly this movement was given with all the force and vigour of the choral body, and considered a song of exultation and delight. Mr. Costa approaches it more reverently, communicates the important event with awe, and almost in the whisper of secrecy and confidence. There is much to be said for each of those readings, but, from experience, we incline to think that the old interpretation will eventually triumph. The Pastoral Symphony, with its purely natural melody and calm simplicity, was gracefully rendered. Madame Guerrabella followed with the recitative "There were shepherds," and made a decidedly favourable impression. This was her first appearance at Exeter Hall (if not in oratorio), and her chance of success was a matter of some speculation. The favour accorded to her first effort gave good omen; but after the chorus, "Glory to God" came a much severer test—the florid air "Rejoice greatly," at which few sopranos rejoice. In this, however, she received an encore. On repetition, her nerves appeared to be shaken, which damaged both her execution and intonation to a serious extent. Madame Dolby sang "He shall feed his flock" with her usual delicacy, followed by Madame Guerrabella in "Come unto him;" but she had evidently not recovered from her panic. The first part concluded with the chorus "His yoke is easy." In the second part, Madame Sainton-Dolby sang "He was despised" in an unexceptionable manner, never for a moment losing sight of the solemnity of the subject. Mr. Thomas was heard to more advantage in "Why do the Nations" than in the former solos, this composition being more fitted to the turbulent style he has adopted. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was given with all its grandeur. In this great work occurs another new reading by Mr. Costa: after a full clang of voice and instrument, occurs a piano on the words "The kingdoms of this world;" and in addition to the subdued tone, Mr. Costa slackens the time, and in the second phrase adds a gentle *rallentando*. The effect is very impressive, but such an innovation on established works is a dangerous precedent. In the third part, Madame Guerrabella became to some extent reassured, and sang "I know that my Redeemer

liveth" most effectively. The quartetts "Since by man came death" and "For us in Adam all die" were marred by the non-mixing quality of one of the voices. Mr. Thomas acquitted himself well in "Behold, I tell you a mystery," and "The Trumpet shall sound;" and the trumpet *obligato* was executed by Mr. Harper with marvellous finish. The concluding chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Amen," with its glorious fugue, wound up the Oratorio with great spirit.

#### OLYMPIC.

An absurd, but excessively amusing, display of Mr. Robson's comic powers is afforded in a new piece which has been brought out at the Olympic Theatre, under the title of "Sporting Events." In this, Christopher Croke (Mr. Robson), a nervous and rheumatic old gentleman, with a dreadful tooth-ache, which sadly impedes his utterance, is mistaken by everybody for a rival to Deerfoot, the well-known Indian runner, whose wonderful powers of endurance and swiftness have been of late so frequently alluded to in the press. The actual rival, an Indian and far swifter than Deerfoot, has been sent for from America by a sporting doctor, and a match for six hundred guineas arranged between these two formidable opponents; Deerfoot being represented by his agent, Silas Fixings (Mr. Horace Wigan). An agreement is made by which either party failing in bringing his man to the post forfeits half the stakes. *Silas Fixings* has got the expected Indian out of the way, and accordingly has not deemed it necessary to fetch Deerfoot all the distance to the town where the race is to be held. In the course of the piece, however, Mr. Robson, who is most whimsically mystified by everybody, is invested in an Indian suit, in which he certainly looks very droll, and by his appearance at the post draws the forfeit-money from the "cute Yankee." The explanation, however, does not take place until some highly risible scenes have been given rise to, and shouts of laughter drawn from an audience more disposed to be amused than critical.

#### MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Massey will publish the fourth and concluding volume of his *History of England during the Reign of George III.*, in the course of the ensuing spring.

Mr. Adderley will shortly publish a letter to Mr. Disraeli on the present relations of England with the Colonies.

The second competition for the "Potter Exhibition," in connection with the Royal Academy of Music, took place at the Institution on Monday last. The following professors composed the Board of Examiners: Mr. Charles Lucas (chairman), Mr. G. Macfarren, M. Sainton, Mr. Henry Lazarus, Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Mr. F. B. Jewson. Six young gentlemen, all students (not less than two years) at the Academy, were examined. The candidate elected was Mr. G. H. Thomas. The following candidates were specially commended for the talent evinced by them at their examination:—Messrs. A. Williams and S. Weeks.

In consequence of the lamented death of the Prince Consort, the meetings of the various learned and scientific societies announced for the present week have been postponed. Professor Miller's lecture on "Spectrum Analysis," which was to have been delivered on Wednesday evening before the Pharmaceutical Society, was deferred until further notice.

The attendance at the sale of the late Dr. Bandinel's books and tracts, illustrative of the times of Charles I. and II., was not very numerous. We observed Mr. Boone, as usual, buying for the British Museum; Mr. Bumpstead with various commissions; Mr. Cauden Hotton purchasing some of the more curious lots for his catalogues; Mr. Addington, a private gentleman, who gave for one tract as much money as would buy a cottage; and, on the last day, Mr. John Forster, the well-known author of the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," and

very recently of that book with such a strange title (for Mr. Mudie to take in such large numbers), "The Arrest of the Five Members." In all, about twenty people attended the sale, and this truly wonderful collection of tracts and books all bearing upon one subject, has now been split up into as many parcels for the enrichment of various public and private libraries. The value of these flying sheets of the Great Rebellion, actually our first newspapers in a crude form, is rapidly on the increase. Old book collectors remember seeing them years ago in the windows of dingy little shops, at the modest price of 1s. each. Now, what with the American collections so recently formed, and the impetus given to private collecting by our county archaeological societies, many of these tracts may be counted cheap if secured at a half, or even a whole, guinea. For a little book about "Boscobel," by T. Blount, Mr. Lilley, at this sale, gave £5. 5s. "The Prayers and Litany of Prince Charles [II.]," which, we are sorry to say, we do not believe he often paid much attention to, although the little volume assures us they were "constantly used in His Highness's Chapell at 8 in the morning and at 5 in the after-noone, daily: where the illustrious Prince sheweth himselfe the patern of pietie," realized £2 15s. One lot, No. 141, consisting of upwards of one thousand tracts relative to matters which agitated the State and the public mind during a very stormy period (1641-1649), all bound in quaint, drab-coloured wrappers, realized £40. Although they were not the rarest of the publications of the Civil War period, the price realized may be considered cheap. A "Narrative of the Tryal of the King, 1648," with a few pamphlets, and several scarce engraved portraits, brought £12. "Leycester's Civill Warres of England, with the Lively Effigies and Eulogies of the Chiefe Commanders," a volume described in the catalogue as "of the greatest rarity," was knocked down at £11. Some years ago it sold, in Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's sale, for £31. 10s. The tracts relating to the Civil War troubles in Ireland brought from 5s. to 10s. each. Some of them were adorned with the most quaint woodcuts on the first page. Twelve plates to "Crauford's Tears of Ireland" realized the extraordinary sum of £11. A collection of tracts, almost complete, relating to Colonel John Lilburn, brought £4. 10s. Another relative to the pet astrologer of the age, William Lilly, produced £12. 5s. 6d. "Newes from Hell, Rome, and the Innes of Court," by J. M., 1642—an odd association of places—found a purchaser at 16s. "Sir E. Peyton's Divine Catastrophe of the Kingly Family of the House of Stuart," 1652, was sold for a few shillings. The descendant of this baronet, Colonel J. Peyton, of the Confederate States of America, is now in London, as a representative, we believe, of the Southern Government. It was a relative of the Civil War Baronet, and of the C. S. A. Colonel, that Mr. Dion Boucicault heard of, or was introduced to, in America, which worthy at this moment figures in a very prominent manner in the new drama of the *Octoroon*. "Stirry's Rot amongst the Bishops, or a Terrible Tempest in the Sea of Canterbury," 1641, a lively poetical satire against Archbishop Laud, was knocked down to an anxious bidder at £8. "Square-Caps turned into Round-heads," 1642, was bought by Mr. Addington for £2. 9s. Mr. Forster purchased a very important collection of tracts, relative to the trial and execution of the Earl of Strafford, for £9. 10s.; but the "big gun" of the sale, although it was a small volume, entitled, "The True Effigies of our Most Illustrious Sovereigne Lord King Charles, Queen Mary, with the best of the Royall Progeny," with numerous engravings by Hollar, Vaughan, Merian, and others, numbering altogether forty-five plates, produced the wonderful price of £99. It was secured by Mr. Addington.

Speaking of Mr. John Forster, we see that this gentleman announces the *Life of Sir John Eliot*, this time from the Longman press, and not Mr. Murray's.

Two new magazines are announced for the 1st of January, the *Planet*, to be conducted by Thomas McNicoll, late editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, and the *Northern Monthly*, price threepence.

The principles of the latter, we learn from a circular which has been placed in our hands, are to be "free thought and free speech, conjoined with Christian faith and catholic feeling."

Mr. Robert Chambers, well known to the working men of this country, and Mr. John Timbs, famous for issuing books containing "things not generally known," are about to unite in literary partnership for the production in weekly sheets, at the modest price of twopence, of a periodical to be entitled the *Book of Days*, matters connected with the Church Kalendar, Phenomena of the Seasonal Changes, Folk-lore of the United Kingdom, Notable Events, Biographies and Anecdotes, articles of Popular Archaeology, &c. The speculation is pretty certain to be a success, as the scheme is exactly similar to the one so admirably carried out by William Hone a generation ago, in his *Every Day Book*, *Table Book*, and *Year Book*. If the two editors, admirably competent, can only present the reading public with new matter, we shall be glad, but we do hope that our old friend *Notes and Queries* and Hone's books will not be laid under contribution too heavily.

By the way, when are we to have a "Life of Hone," one of the most remarkable men of the past half-century, the friend of Cruikshank and of many other notables; who was at one time a public infidel, but who, during his latter days, joined the congregation of the Rev. Thomas Binney, at Weighouse Chapel, and became one of the most constant attendants at the ministrations of this popular preacher, and one of his most intimate friends?

The sale of Murray's "Popular Books" has reached something enormous. Of Livingstone's Travels we hear 36,000 copies have been sold; Buxton's Life, 18,000; Layard's Nineveh, 30,000; Smiles's Life of George Stephenson, 20,000; *Selv Help*, also by Mr. Smiles, 40,000; and of *The Life of George Crabbe*, the people's poet, 18,000. Verily these are not the days for authors to starve, or for Dr. Johnsons to gnaw shin-bones behind coffee-house screens!

Mr. Bohn announces, under the head of "Bohn's Philological Library," the new part of Lowndes's work on English Bibliography. Why a catalogue of books should be classed with learned treatises on language we cannot understand.

The libraries of two eminent men are now being disposed of at two London auction-rooms. That formed by Sir James Graham—the major portion only, the rest being willed to different members of the family—is distinguished by nothing which characterized the taste and studies of the late politician. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester Square, are dispersing it. The collection of books gathered together by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., is very different. It is just such a library as one would imagine this eminent antiquary to have amassed in the course of years of unremitting study. Next week we shall speak of the more important lots in this admirable topographical and historical collection.

*The London Labour and London Poor* is at last to be completed; but not by the clever hand which produced the first three volumes. Volume IV., entitled by the publishers "an extra volume," will be entirely devoted to a consideration of that blot in our modern escutcheon—the Social Evil. The volume will be divided into four parts. Mr. Henry Mayhew will write about "the Non-workers;" Mr. Bracebridge Hemmyng will present us with his inquiries into the condition of, and statistics concerning "Prostitutes;" Mr. John Binny will inform us as to the history and tricks of "Thieves and Swindlers;" and Mr. Andrew Halliday is to describe the lives and prospects of the "London Beggars." It is well that religion has something to do with such black chapters: the Rev. William Tuckniss, Chaplain to the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children, is to write an "Introductory Essay on the Agencies at present in operation for the Suppression of Crime and Vice."

"Finds," in vulgar speech, of valuable and hitherto unknown manuscripts of great men have latterly been somewhat too common for much faith to be placed in their genuineness. We learn

now, however, from a source not much given to the propagation of *canards* that the recently-discovered manuscripts, which are affirmed to be from the hand of Voltaire, contain a comedy never performed in public, and a second part of the famous satirical romance *Candide*. The newly-discovered works are to be immediately published, and we should think there can be little difficulty in deciding as to their genuineness. If anybody ever lived who could successfully imitate the satirical style of Voltaire, he has certainly succeeded in keeping his existence so far a mystery. Literary readers will also be interested in an announcement that some volumes of essays are about to be published which were written by the late King of Portugal. They are described as treating chiefly of political subjects, and are said to breathe a liberal and enlightened spirit.

Belgium had, in the beginning of this year, one hundred and thirty-nine conventional establishments for men, and eight hundred and nine for women. At Malines there are thirty-nine monasteries; at Bruges, fifteen; at Ghent, twenty-seven; at Liège, fifteen; at Namur, ten; and at Tournai, thirty-three. Of nunneries, there are at Malines, one hundred and ninety-eight; one hundred and forty-six at Bruges, one hundred and fifty-five at Ghent, eighty in Liège, sixty-two at Namur, and one hundred and sixty-eight at Tournai. Since 1846, the number has increased by two male and one hundred and seven female convents. The number of monks and nuns cannot exactly be ascertained, but an idea may be formed from the two Béguinages at Ghent, which contain a population of 1161 Béguines.

We extract the following items, on the theatres in St. Petersburg, from the *Northern Bee*:—At the German theatre, Miss Vanini is creating an immense sensation as *Adrienne*, and as *Mary Stuart*, in Schiller's play. Both the Russian drama and the Russian opera are thriving. The French theatre is only great in *demi-monde* pieces and dances, which call to mind certain Paris balls. In the worst predicament is the Italian Opera, the musical powers of which are said to be below zero. In the Maria-Theatre, Madame Ristori has commenced a series of representations with *Mary Stuart*.

We learn from the same source that the shaft of the Alexander column, which is of one block of red sandstone, has received a crack which extends through its entire length of eighty feet. Attempts have been made to repair it.

According to a notice in the *Zeitschrift für Allgemeine Erdkunde*, Professor Siegel has discovered at Tino (Tenos) and purchased the quarries of the *verde antico*. In the Maina he has succeeded in discovering the quarries of the *rosso antico*. Many orders have been given already.

Heinrich Marschner, the composer of *Hans Heiling*, *The Vampire*, *The Templar*, &c., died last Saturday at Hanover.

Hiller's new composition, *Loreley*, has been performed last week at Vienna, and has met with immense applause.

From a correspondence in the *Northern Bee*, from Hokodaiki, we take the following literary intelligence:—Mr. Machow has cut in wood the first Russian-Japanese "A B C," and printed it on note-paper extending over twenty sheets. He struck off a hundred copies, and handed them over to the Emperor and Governors, for distribution among the Japanese children. The work is adorned with a befitting vignette and the circumscription, "Children, learn Russian," and has the name of the sovereign in the four corners. The Emperor has issued an official announcement respecting this book.

The first numbers of the new Berlin daily paper edited by Julian Schmidt, which we mentioned the other day, have appeared. It is rumoured that Gustav Freitag, the famous dramatist and novelist, will undertake the *feuilleton*.

Of Gustav Freitag's *Fabier*, an antique drama, a second edition has appeared.

We learn from the "Proceedings of the Russian Geographical Society," that of Schnitzler's work, *L'Empire des Tsars*, the second volume, which is

to contain ethnography and statistics, is in course of publication. The first volume appeared in 1856.

Of splendidly illustrated French Christmas-books, we notice the following:—Doré's *Dante's Inferno*; *Tales and Legends*, by Léon de Laujou, illustrated by Doré, Bertall, &c.; *Zoologie du Jeune Age*, by Lereboullet; *Deux Ans au Brésil*, by Biard, the well-known humorous painter; *Jouly*, by Lamartine; *Voyage aux Grands Lacs dans l'Afrique Orientale*, by Burton; *La Mythologie du Rhin*, by Saintine, illustrated by Dore; and *Le Savant du Foyer*, by Louis Figuer.

In the last number of the *Bulletino Archeologico Italiano*, Minervini, the new inspector of the National Museum at Naples (formerly the Bourbon Museum) states that he has found in it a great number of metal plates, the contents of which are identical with many already discovered rolls of papyrus of a Herculanean library. These plates contain also works as yet entirely unknown, by the Epicurean philosopher Philodemus; several books of the famous work of Epicurus, of the *Essence*; parts of works of Carmiscus, Colotes, Chrysippus, Demetrius, and Polystratius, as also of several other authors. Minervini is about to publish these plates forthwith; they will fill about ten volumes. Besides these, nearly two thousand columns of papyri, a great number of other papyri, partly unrolled, but not yet copied and published, have been found in the Museum, and an attempt will be made to photograph them.

Du Chaillu's Gorilla-book has appeared in a German translation. The critique, which the publisher himself usually appends in Germany, consists in this case of the simple statement, that since Alexander von Humboldt's travels, none had created such a sensation.

In Berlin there is now being issued, in monthly parts, *A Romantic History for the German People: Hernani, the First Liberator of Germany*; by E. H. von Dedenroth (Eugene Hermann): a novel depicting the Teutons of the time of Christ, their manners, customs, and struggles. From every "paid" copy the publishers offer to devote a shilling to the German fleet.

Heinrich Hensler has published a series of tales, in two volumes, under the title of *The Grey Tower*. They are connected somewhat in the manner of the *Serapionsbrüder* of Hofmann.

At Coblenz a splendid monumental bust of Max von Schenkendorf, the famous poet of German patriotic songs, has been inaugurated within the last few days.

Professor von Sybel, the celebrated German historian, who lately left the University of Munich in order to accept the Chair offered him by the University of Bonn, has been elected member of the Second Prussian Chamber, which is about to assemble.

We learn from Paris that a German play has been established in the Théâtre des Artistes, Rue Latour-d'Auvergne, under the management of Mrs. Ida Brüning. It is said to be very successful, principally in comedy and comic opera.

A new ballet in the Grand Opéra, *L'Etoile de Messine*, is now the rage in Paris. Both the subject and the text are by Paul Foucher, the principal Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*.

Works on "woman's position" are again on the increase in Paris. Besides Michelet's *Women of the Revolution*, Daniel Stern's *Esquisses Morales*, and Proudhon's passages in *La Justice dans la Révolution*, referring to the subject, there have appeared by Juliette Lambert, a sharp-witted and ready young authoress, *Idées anti-Proudhoniennes sur l'Amour, la Famille et le Mariage*, which have already reached the second edition.

At the Hôtel Drouot in Paris there is exhibited for sale, at this moment, a work of Napoleon III. It consists of a drawing representing an Alpine shepherd with a broad-brimmed, conical hat, enveloped in his mantle, and leaning on a long staff; he is standing near a table, and holding a glass in his left hand. At the foot of the drawing are the following words, in somewhat indifferent German:—"My dear Mr. Kaufmann, accept this drawing as a remembrance of your former pupil.—Louis NAPOLEON."

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"In the volumes now before us, the commentator has conveyed an amount of erudition of equal extent and depth, whilst a sound discrimination has guided him in the selection from the great mass of notes of his predecessors of all that it is really desirable to retain, and the rejection of a vast quantity of unnecessary and puerile annotation, with which previous editions are overloaded, and the addition of a large amount of new criticism, illustration, and elucidation. The plan of this edition is philosophically conceived, the Poems are arranged chronologically and divided into periods so that the reader is able to trace easily the changes in the ideas and language of the Poet, the development of his powers, and the current of his opinions. To the value of the comment is added a close attention to all the minor details of an editor's task, such as punctuation, orthography, &c. As the most complete, accurate, and useful edition of Milton we possess, it is superfluous to say that this must become the standard one in all libraries of the scholar and the student."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.